The American Mercury

JULY 1949 35 CENTS

CHAIM WEIZMANN
by GEROLD FRANK, page 24

GERHART EISLER MEETS THE PRESS * * *

THE NEW LOOK AT VASSAR *Caroline Bird*

UE: The Biggest Communist Union *Daniel Seligman*

NEWER PAIN KILLERS *Joseph D. Wassersug, M.D.*

POLAND: Pattern of Soviet Duplicity *Neal Stanford*

THE COUNTERFEITING BUSINESS *Frederic Sondern, Jr.*

MYSTERIOUS BILLY SMITH *Stewart H. Holbrook*

THE THEATRE *George Jean Nathan* * DOWN TO EARTH *Alan Devoe*

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The American Mercury

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The American Mercury for August

will contain, among other things

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ANTHONY COMSTOCK, FATHER OF CENSORSHIP, by Alan Hynd. *Here, in all his Puritanical finery, is the celebrated father of all the blue-noses and wowsers. Mr. Hynd lets the strange facts of the gentleman's life speak for themselves — and what a man emerges from them!*

There will be several other features, and also the usual departments: The Library, Music, The Check List, The Open Forum, Down to Earth, and The Skeptics' Corner.

The American Mercury is indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Psychological Abstracts, and the Index to Labor Articles. The editors accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, which must be accompanied by stamped and addressed return envelopes. Five weeks' notice required for change of addresses.

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Meet the Press is presented in cooperation with the editors of *The American Mercury*. Each issue of the *Mercury* contains the transcript of one of the Meet the Press shows selected for its interest and excitement. Following are some of those who have been interviewed:

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VOLUME LXIX JULY 1949 NUMBER 307

The American Mercury

GERHART EISLER MEETS THE PRESS

One of the more sensational stories connected with Communist activities in America is the fantastic case of Gerhart Eisler. After a secret life of extraordinary intrigue, he suddenly burst into the limelight in 1946, when former Communist editor Louis F. Budenz called him the "real boss" of American Communists, who "follow his orders implicitly." Since then, Mr. Eisler has been sentenced to jail twice — for refusing to testify before a congressional committee and for falsifying his immigration records — and only recently he made the front pages by fleeing from the United States on a Polish boat. In a broadcast of Meet the Press, presented by the Mutual Broadcasting System in cooperation with the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, *he revealed a great deal about the deviousness and obfuscations resorted to by Communist agents. The broadcast, which took place some time before his flight, is here presented, slightly cut, as a document of general interest.*

THE participants in the broadcast, aside from Mr. Eisler, were Cecil Dickson of the Gannett newspapers, Kenneth Crawford of *Newsweek*, Bert Andrews of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and Lawrence E. Spivak, editor of the MERCURY. Albert Warner of Mutual presided.

ANDREWS: Mr. Eisler, I'd like to clear up one thing. So many people get mad when they're labeled Communists or fellow-travelers or pinkish. I'd like to get that on the record: You are a Communist?

EISLER: I am a German Communist.

ANDREWS: And I'd like to follow that

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up — have you ever denied being a Communist?

EISLER: I never denied this thing.

ANDREWS: Well, a New York newspaper quoted you as saying, "I had to deny that I was a Communist in order to get a transit visa."

EISLER: The story is as follows: I was in a concentration camp in France, and I got a transit visa from Mexico. In order to go to Mexico, I had to have a transit visa for the United States. At this time, no boat was leaving directly — it was during the war — from France to Mexico. I went to the general consulate in Marseilles. There you get forms you have to sign. On the form is a question: which organizations have you been in in the last five or ten years? On this form I did *not* write in that I was a Communist. The consul could not have given me a transit visa for Mexico if I had written that I was a Communist.

ANDREWS: Well, that came slightly under the head of perjuring yourself to get a transit visa, didn't it?

EISLER: Well, you may call it as you want. But I asked the FBI later, What would *you* have done in this situation?, when the question of getting out of France was a question of your life. The FBI man told me, Well, I may have done the same.

ANDREWS: Did the FBI give you a clean bill of health on that?

EISLER: Oh, absolutely. Absolutely.

ANDREWS: And you expect no further charges will be brought against you on the basis of that?

EISLER: I don't expect any further charges.[1]

SPIVAK: Mr. Eisler, the New York *World-Telegram* writes, "Eisler disavowed any connection with the Communists since he came to America . . . and insisted that he was here only as a refugee doing entirely literary work." What have you to say about that denial?

EISLER: I never talked with any reporter of the *World-Telegram*, and I am not responsible for what these people write about me.

SPIVAK: Are you suggesting that the *World-Telegram* made this story up?

EISLER: I am doing more than suggesting it.

SPIVAK: Well why would they make up a story like that about you, out of 140 million people in the country?

EISLER: That you have to ask the *World-Telegram*, not me.

SPIVAK: One other question. Why did Louis Budenz, who is a former high official of the American Communist Party, pick you out of 140 million people to designate as the

[1] Subsequently, Eisler was sentenced to one to three years in jail for falsifying his record in seeking entrance to this country. He was sentenced to another year for refusing to testify before the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

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secret head of the Communist Party?

EISLER: You have to ask Budenz about that. Budenz never met me.

SPIVAK: Why did your sister, Ruth Fischer, whom I've known for a long time, tell me last year that you were an agent of the Russian government?

EISLER: This lady is a well known informer. No decent men or women would talk with her in Europe.

SPIVAK: Why would she inform against her own brother if it weren't true?

EISLER: Because she became a vile enemy of the Communist movement. That's why she talks also the untruth ——

CRAWFORD: Do you mean, Mr. Eisler, that she is an enemy of the Communist movement, or an enemy of Soviet Russia?

EISLER: She is a violent enemy of the Communist movement. She was expelled from the German Communist Party. In her expulsion I played a very important rôle.

ANDREWS: You testified against your own sister?

EISLER: I never testified against my own ——

ANDREWS: What was the part that you played?

EISLER: Well, I tried to convince the members of the Communist Party of Germany that her rôle was hostile to the interests of the German working class.

DICKSON: Mr. Eisler, are you the secret head of the Communist Party, or a representative of the government of Russia, in this country?

EISLER: No, of course not.

DICKSON: What position do you occupy in the Communist Party in this country?

EISLER: Not any position at all.

DICKSON: You have no official position?

EISLER: I have no official, I have no unofficial, position. I never was a member of the American Communist Party.

ANDREWS: You write for the *Daily Worker*, do you not, under the name of Hans Berger?

EISLER: No, this is also not according to the facts. The fact is that during the war I gave to Mr. Starobin, the foreign editor of the *Daily Worker*, material and ideas about Germany and other European problems. He used for these articles, written with my help, the name Hans Berger. He invented a German name because most of these articles dealt with German questions.

ANDREWS: It was the information in these that came from you.

EISLER: That is correct.

ANDREWS: It was a cooperation.

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EISLER: I know something about German developments, I know personalities, I know history. And I know something about the European situation.

ANDREWS: Did you have a way of keeping in touch with the German movement during the war, Mr. Eisler?

EISLER: Well, only until '42, and then starting again in '45.

WARNER: Mr. Eisler, Mr. Budenz said he thought you were the Mr. Edwards that came into the *Daily Worker* offices and gave various orders in 1935.

EISLER: Well, here I can only answer with Mark Twain: one of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives.

SPIVAK: Mr. Eisler, you publicly proclaim yourself as a German antifascist who just wants to return to his native Germany and help restore it. Isn't it true that you haven't lived in Germany since 1928?

EISLER: No, this is not true.

SPIVAK: Were you in any way involved in the battle against the Nazis?

EISLER: Right. I was in battles with the Nazis until 1933. I was, after I went out from Germany, in contact with the German underground movement . . .

SPIVAK: Were you living in ——

EISLER: . . . writing, working, organizing illegal radios. I went in 1936 to Spain. I was ——

SPIVAK: Wasn't your family living in Moscow in 1928, and weren't you in Moscow in 1928?

EISLER: In 1928 I made a trip from Germany to China, and did a few weeks in Moscow as a correspondent for a German Communist newspaper.

SPIVAK: When did you *live* last in Germany, not just pass through in transit?

EISLER: I lived in Germany in 1933, before Hitler came to power.

CRAWFORD: After that, where did you go?

EISLER: Well, according with the circumstances, I was living in Czechoslovakia, in Austria, in France, and later in Spain. I was arrested in France before the outbreak of the war in 1939.

CRAWFORD: And for the record, you came to the United States when?

EISLER: I came to the United States on June 13, 1941.

CRAWFORD: That was on the Mexican transit visa?

EISLER: I had an emigration visa from Mexico.

CRAWFORD: Did you go to Mexico?

EISLER: I was stopped by the American authorities. I was forced to stay in this country.

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CRAWFORD: You have been here since on extensions of that visa?

EISLER: I have been here first on a transit visa and later on a visitor visa.

CRAWFORD: And you are not permitted to leave now?

EISLER: I am not permitted to leave.

CRAWFORD: Why, do you think, Mr. Eisler?

EISLER: That you have to ask the State Department and your American authorities. I wanted to go to Mexico. I was told I could not because there was a law that nobody of German or Austrian origin could leave for Latin-American countries.

ANDREWS: Could you set that time for us, please?

EISLER: Yeah. I arrived here June 13. I stayed two-and-a-half months on Ellis Island. I was released again. I tried again to go to Mexico. There came a letter from the State Department that said I could not go to Mexico. I made my first appeal to leave for Europe on May 25, 1945. I have all the letters from the State Department.

ANDREWS: I take it you didn't like the United States.

EISLER: It's not a question of liking. But I would like to go back where I came from.

ANDREWS: You said you have no official position with the Communist Party. Did you have any official position or relation with the Soviet government?

EISLER: I never had any official position with any government in the world, not with the Soviet government, and not with any other government.

ANDREWS: Some of us have picked up information, Mr. Eisler, that in 1924 and 1925 you were a research worker in the field of economics and politics with the Soviet Embassy in Berlin. Is that correct?

EISLER: No, this is not true.

DICKSON: How do you get your money?

EISLER: My money? My money I get very easily. I ——

DICKSON: From the Soviet government?

EISLER: No, no, no. I ——

DICKSON: The Internationale?

EISLER: No, there is no Internationale, as you should know by now.

DICKSON: Well, how can you earn your money? What is it then?

EISLER: I —— How do *you* get your money as a journalist? You write. You write and you get the money; only I get much less than you.

SPIVAK: Do you earn enough writing for papers like the *New Masses* and the Communist press in this country, which is notably badly paid? And for lecturing before Communist audiences? Do you

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earn enough to support yourself and your family, Mr. Eisler?

EISLER: Yes. My wife works and I work, and we are living very modestly.

DICKSON: Would you care to tell us what your wife does, Mr. Eisler?

EISLER: She is working as a bookkeeper, and we are both living very modestly.

CRAWFORD: Mr. Eisler, you said there was no Internationale. Is there any other similar organization? Has anything taken its place?

EISLER: Oh, sure. The Catholic Church, for instance, is an international organization.

CRAWFORD: No, no, no.

EISLER: There are many international organizations.

CRAWFORD: That isn't what I mean. Is there any international Communist organization?

EISLER: There is no international Communist organization, since 1943, when the Communist international organization was dissolved.

WARNER: Mr. Eisler, how is it that the Communist Parties in different countries always have the same views on every question? With no directing authority to coordinate them?

EISLER: How is that? Listen, in a scientific approach to politics, to other questions, clever people have the right approach. Every mathematician in the world has the right approach to mathematical problems.

ANDREWS: Communists are all clever mathematicians, are they?

EISLER: Communists have a scientific approach which ——

ANDREWS: Which is the same in all countries, whether it's Russia, Germany or the United States?

EISLER: Well, you see, a scientific approach, for instance, to trusts. It means trying to abolish the power of the trusts. You have trusts in all these countries.

CRAWFORD: Sometimes you don't get the answer very quick, though. Occasionally, it takes a while to figure out the problem.

WARNER: It has seemed that on one day 2 plus 2 equals 4, and then on the next day it suddenly equals 5 or 8. How does the mathematics change in every country at the same time among Communists?

EISLER: Well, you see, many things change in the world. Everybody is changing; why shouldn't the Communists change? People change, because conditions change.

ANDREWS: I'd like to take the heat off Mr. Eisler for a moment on that.

EISLER: I like heat.

ANDREWS: Okay, we'll give you more. (LAUGHS.) But I'd like to ask your opinion on Earl Browder.

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EISLER: Well, Earl Browder, as I know from the press, was a Communist leader in this country who was expelled because he thought the ideas of the present leadership of the Communist Party were not correct.

ANDREWS: Do you agree with his expulsion?

EISLER: I have no opinions about internal problems of the American Communist Party.

ANDREWS: Didn't you have this opinion, Mr. Eisler, in May 1942, in the *Communist*? This purports to be a quote from you. "Earl Browder, the staunch patriot and anti-fascist, leader of the Communist Party," unquote. That is attributed to you. Now you have no opinion on him.

EISLER: Because this article is not written by me.

ANDREWS: Well, it was under your — no, it's by Hans Berger. I beg your pardon.

EISLER: You see, it was an American Communist writing an article about Browder.

ANDREWS: But that was written for you under the name of Hans Berger, wasn't it?

EISLER: Not for me. It was written by Starobin, under the name of Hans Berger.

ANDREWS: Starobin thought he was presenting your views?

EISLER: No. You see, this was the American viewpoint in these articles. That was his own.

ANDREWS: All right ——

EISLER: I gave viewpoints that concerned European and other questions.

SPIVAK: Mr. Eisler, as a member of the Communist Party, haven't you been working to bring Communism of the Russian kind to America?

EISLER: No. By no means.

SPIVAK: What kind of articles have you been writing, what kind of lectures have you been giving?

EISLER: My lectures and my articles are all concerned with the fight against German fascism. They are written especially for the German-Americans, trying to explain what Nazism means.

SPIVAK: Were you fighting against German fascism in 1941, when the Russians and the Germans had a treaty?

EISLER: Sure.

SPIVAK: You mean even before the Russians were attacked, you were ——

EISLER: Absolutely. I don't know what you did here in the United States, but we German Communists never once had any illusions that Hitler would not break any treaty he would make. The Soviet-German pact was signed, but we told the German people,

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don't believe Hitler. Hitler will break this treaty as he broke all the treaties, and the struggle against Hitler goes on.

DICKSON: Mr. Eisler, you said that you had not been attacking the American form of government. Is that right?

EISLER: Absolutely.

DICKSON: You would not substitute Communism for the democracy of America? Do you favor the American democratic system?

EISLER: For the Americans.

DICKSON: And you're against the importation, or whatever word you want, of the Communistic system to the United States?

EISLER: I'm against the importation of any other system to other countries.

SPIVAK: As a Communist, do you follow the precepts and principles of Lenin?

EISLER: Well, I know something about Lenin.

SPIVAK: That's not the question I asked you. Do you follow his principles and his precepts at all?

EISLER: Sure. Yeah.

SPIVAK: Do you agree with him when he said, "We must be ready for the trickery, deceit, lawbreaking, withholding and concealing the truth ——"

EISLER: Sure, we must be absolutely ready. For instance, in the fight against fascism, in Germany, if we would not have used all tricks, more would have been killed.

SPIVAK: Don't you actually favor ——

EISLER: I think against a merciless enemy like fascism you use all tricks. And not only Communists. Ask what your government, what your international intelligence organization, did in the fight against fascism. And it was absolutely justified.

SPIVAK: Is it true that the Communists today believe that democracy is their greatest enemy?

EISLER: No, that is not true.

SPIVAK: Democracy as the United States has it and lives it?

EISLER: That is one of the most ridiculous ideas I have heard. The difference between Communist and non-Communist democracy is only that the Communists think democracy has also to start on the economic side. More democracy, not less. Communists are not enemies of democracy. Communists are enemies of those who try to fight democracy for the purpose of big business, the trusts, and so on.

SPIVAK: Do you think they have democracy in Russia today?

EISLER: Sure.

WARNER: Now Mr. Crawford.

EISLER: Absolutely. Their kind of democracy.

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CRAWFORD: Mr. Eisler. In the United States you're pretty anti-Communist. Would you say that that's a correct statement?

EISLER: No, by no means. You see, I have sympathized with many ideas of foreign Communists. But that does not mean I participate in their movement. I was a very great admirer of the late President Roosevelt. That does not make me an American Democrat.

ANDREWS: Are you an admirer, Mr. Eisler, of another Demo—another American, Henry Wallace?

EISLER: Well, you see, Henry Wallace is not a socialist. I am a socialist.

ANDREWS: Well, do you ——

EISLER: I regard Henry Wallace as a very human American.

ANDREWS: Are you as of today sympathetic with the American Communists?

EISLER: Sure I am. Listen, I am sympathetic with all Communists in the world. And I like them all over the world.

SPIVAK: Well, aren't the American Communists against our present form of government?

EISLER: I don't think so.

SPIVAK: Don't you read the Communist papers?

EISLER: I don't think so. Yeah, I read the Communist papers. I never found in one Communist paper that American Communists propose to overthrow the American government. The only people who want to overthrow the American government at present are the Republicans.

ANDREWS: Did you ever find in an American Communist paper, Mr. Eisler, any sentiment that was critical of Soviet Russia?

EISLER: In an American newspaper?

ANDREWS: In an American Communist newspaper, any article, book review, dramatic review, anything else, critical of Soviet Russia?

EISLER: Well, I cannot remember.

WARNER: Mr. Eisler, is it true that the husband of your sister was murdered?[2]

EISLER: That I don't know. I just see what she said.

WARNER: Mr. Spivak.

EISLER: You see, I have been in a concentration camp. I don't know what happened.

SPIVAK: As a German Communist ——

EISLER: I have other hearsay, but I do not want to talk about it.

SPIVAK: As a German Communist, were you in favor of the overthrow of the Hitler government by revolution?

EISLER: Sure.

SPIVAK: Are you in favor of the

[2] The reference here is to Arkadi Maslow, the husband of Ruth Fischer, who was murdered in Cuba during the war. It was widely suspected that the NKVD was responsible.

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overthrow of any government that you consider bad?

EISLER: I am in favor of the overthrow of any fascist government with all the force in the world, and with all the methods in the world.

SPIVAK: What's your idea of a fascist government?

EISLER: Mussolini or Hitler. You know what a fascist government is.

CRAWFORD: There was a time, as you undoubtedly know, when the Communists in the United States were picketing the White House, and otherwise trying to prevent us from helping the countries that were fighting the Nazis. They switched overnight, after the German attack on Russia. Now, do you sympathize with that?

EISLER: I don't know the facts, and I am very skeptical about anything said about Communism. Because I know what was said about us in Germany. But I never say that Communists ——

CRAWFORD: I assure you that those are the facts.

EISLER: But I never say one thing. And this goes for everybody, every Communist. I never say that Communists are supermen who don't make nonsense sometimes.

CRAWFORD: Mr. Eisler, would you concede that they made nonsense ——

EISLER: I know myself. I am a Communist since 28 years; I made a lot of nonsense in my life. Only apparently American Democrats and Republicans make never nonsense. I am ——

ANDREWS: Mr. Eisler, I think we'll all agree that Republicans and Democrats make a lot of nonsense, but they make it under our American system where they have a right to vote each other in and out, and not under a one-party system.

CRAWFORD: Mr. Eisler, if you go back to Germany, you will, of course, be active again in the Communist Party?

EISLER: No, I will join the Socialist Unity Party. It was a merger between the Communists and the Social Democratic Party.

CRAWFORD: Yes, but there are two factions in that Party, are there not, and you would naturally join the Communist faction of the Unity Party.

EISLER: Then you know more than I. I know not that there are two factions. I know there is one Party, and I would join the Party.

WARNER: I'm sorry, I must interrupt, Mr. Eisler. Our time is up.

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THE COLOR LINE

A STORY

BY *JOSEPH DEITCH*

ONE evening in early summer, around the middle of the war, a soldier none of us knew walked into our barracks. At that time, with thousands of men coming and going, there was nothing unusual about a stranger dropping in on one at a bustling Army post. But the man who walked in on us that night was a Negro. That was the difference.

He had gone into a "white" barracks, on a clean, high-speed highway, in the nice section of the post, at a venerable old military reservation in south Texas.

There was, of course, a color line at this post, with the difference that here it was highly respectable. Inconspicuous signs said, "All sensible Negroes know their place and stay there." Discreetly, courteously and always with tact, the line had fenced off the colored soldier for perhaps half a century. The signs had the challenging dignity of the keep-off-the-grass warnings in the post's beautifully kept lawns. And in conformity with the established color scheme, they were painted black and white.

Segregation was respectable mainly out of consideration for the Regular Army officers and their families who lived on the post, and for the sake of some lanky two- and three-star generals' wives who maintained big, stone, multi-roomed houses in the old section of the reservation while their husbands were afield. Otherwise, as an old post barber once put it to me, Negro troops might have been handled differently.

"Anyway," he added with a wink, "you boys ain't been getting riot-squad training for nothing," and he gave his head a confident shake and tapped my shoulder with the comb for emphasis.

So when the Negro, a corporal, opened the screen door of our barracks and closed it softly behind him,

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I expected him to murmur something and walk out. Looking up from the letter I was writing, I saw him standing at the door — tall, straight, and very young. And he just stood there, smiling at us.

Only a handful of us were sitting around, the rest having gone to a night baseball game on the post. Axson, our ranking non-commissioned officer, who never went anyplace and who had been dozing on his bunk, became aware of the sudden silence. He lifted his head and looked at each of us somewhat blearily, but inquisitively, and finally caught sight of the Negro, who was smiling as freely as ever.

Without waiting for Axson to ask him what he wanted — Axson had his eye on him — the Negro removed his cap (enlisted men did that automatically) and walked in. He stopped in front of us. Then I saw Axson putting his shoes on.

As he drew up the laces I saw troubled lines on his brow, and his thin, tight lips grew thinner and tighter. Axson was once a riding boss on a Mississippi cotton plantation. He hated the Negro more than the enemy we fought. This hatred never flamed, but burned coldly and we felt it. He was a morose and silent man with six hash marks on his sleeve and the Purple Heart from the first war. His life was the Army; his one other known interest was hatred of the Negro. This antagonism took form in slander — always hushed and clenched and trembling — which made even the Southern boys in my outfit squirm.

Axson regarded the Negro as nothing more than a perpetual fugitive from slavery, whose freedom — we heard him say this a dozen times — was a guilty freedom and the cause of "our," the South's, ruin. He would add that liberty was thrust on the Negro — "Hell, any schoolboy knows that" — that he had never asked for it and that he should therefore still obey, godammit, when bidden. I don't mind admitting, even now, that we were a little afraid of him.

He was a gaunt, middle-aged, weather-beaten Regular Army soldier. About the only time he joined us in anything was when he found a chance to insult the Negro. His remarks were unleashed rather than spoken. They came out suddenly and bitter and were coated in an acidulous drawl, as if seasoned in venom.

I always felt that he actually waited for a chance to make his tight-lipped stab. He would remain silent while we chatted, then lift his head at what he considered the right turn in our conversation, make his obscene snipe and turn away from us. Still, he performed his duties as supply sergeant efficiently and his bearing on

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the street was soldierly. We tolerated his muttering, avoided him and hoped, by some miracle, that he would be transferred.

He began to sidle toward us, the laces of one shoe dragging on the floor. His bunk was at the far end of the room, near the door. He started to say something, but the Negro spoke first.

"I heard somebody playing the harmonica," the colored soldier chuckled softly, "and whoever was playing, was playing so sweet and friendly-like, I just wanted to play alongside him."

He took a harmonica from his pocket.

"Now who's the one who played so pretty?"

II

We were so surprised we didn't know what to say. We suspected a joke and waited before answering. But we saw right away the Negro wasn't kidding. Suddenly we attached importance to his presence. Although he was just another soldier, one of thirty or forty thousand who were teeming on the post at that time, we were instinctively aware of how Axson felt about the Negro. And most of the men in the room were Southerners.

That's why his being there, in front of us and, more important, at arm's length from Axson, mattered. He came in while we were chatting cozily among ourselves, when Axson surely would have made one of his stabs. And I realized, too, that he had a chance to pounce on an actual Negro, instead of attacking abstractly.

But he did neither. For one thing, the Negro was nonchalantly unconcerned about the propriety demanded of Negroes at the post. And I knew he had been conscious of Axson from the moment he came in. In fact, the boy was very much at ease. This had the remarkable effect of putting Axson on guard — at least, on the defensive. Another reason Axson did not immediately take the offensive was that he sensed we had accepted the Negro's offer to join us, or whoever was playing.

Now that I think of it, we did not so much accept his offer as we accepted him. Axson, as I say, sensed this and was restricted, though I could see him work his jaws. He was maneuvered into momentary neutrality by the Negro's forthrightness and by our unanimous acceptance of him. This was something new. I could tell, however, that he was biding his time, that he would lash out after he felt that either the Negro, or we, had weakened.

At first we didn't know what to make of the boy's chuckling. But I soon knew it was because he felt we were delighted to have him with us, and he was glad. And we were de-

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lighted. We liked him, standing there in his neat summer tans, freshly shined shoes and corporal's chevrons. I noticed he wore a graduation ring. He was attracted by the playing of Pelham, my squad leader, who bunked next to me.

Almost every night, after chow and after taking a shower, Pelham would lie back and play his harmonica. He was a young fellow, this Pelham — quiet, capable, strong. He would occasionally dip into his issue Bible, which was more than we did; he had a mountain accent: Tennessee, I think. Not a very good player, he played the songs that somehow reminded us of home, which were the songs we liked to hear. We liked him a lot.

I'm not a Texan or a Southerner, but there are veterans from three infantry divisions who will back me up when I say there were nights at this post that were among the most beautiful on earth. They must have been beautiful to have inspired a colored soldier to enter a white-man's barracks down there.

From my bunk I could see the stars blinking in the windows across the room, and a soft, clean wind whistled around the rose bushes outside. Sometimes you heard the drone of a bomber flying somewhere near the stars, and now and then, from far away, a train whistle moaned gently, like a heartbroken girl. Insect noises formed the basic sound, which accented the stillness. The night was like the inside of a vast theatre, and out of it came the playing of a harmonica, which attracted a Negro to a white man's house in the South.

"Now who was it?" he asked again, chidingly. He was beaming now, and idly tapping the harmonica against his palm.

In spite of something we still didn't wholly understand about the situation, which we overlooked, we started to smile at one another, at the same time heartening and encouraging the Negro, which made us feel doubly good. So that, in a moment, the bunch of us — Pelham, Frank, Stacey, Lukens, Nixon and I — were joshing each other, much to the Negro's delight and ours. We rather foolishly accused one another of being the one who played, but for some reason forgot to mention Pelham, who had slipped his harmonica under his pillow.

Pelham played best — in fact, it was the only time he played — when he thought nobody was listening and when no one asked him to play. Probably to throw attention away from himself he hastily pointed a question at the boy.

"Well, what about you — can you play?"

"It was you, wasn't it, Sergeant?" the Negro shot back, chuckling.

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Pelham fell back, smiling. "I just asked if you can play," he said, looking down at his shoes. What he was trying to do now was sidestep the issue. We would have liked him to play with the Negro, but, knowing him as we did (from reception-center days), we did not expect him to.

Playing the harmonica was so uniquely his own business, or a matter of inclination with him, that I sometimes doubted he could play the thing at all, other than when he felt like it. Once, at a regimental party, he played for hours. But when the commanding general of the division walked in, he stopped in the middle of a tune. The General wanted him to continue.

"Go on," I heard our company commander, slightly frantic, whisper — "you want those stripes, don't you?"

"Sorry, Captain — I don't feel like playing any more."

The General walked up to Pelham and said, "Won't you play that again, Sergeant? It's a great favorite of my wife's."

"I don't mean to be rude, sir," said Pelham, "but I just don't feel like playing any more."

The General smiled weakly; he looked into Pelham's eyes. "That's all right, Sergeant," he said, and squeezed Pelham's arm and walked away.

The Negro chuckled, as if to say, "I think he knows I can play, but he's just a little bit shy, that's all." There was not, in fact, any doubt in our minds that the Negro could play. Pelham knew it, too.

"Go ahead and play a duet with the guy, Sergeant," I said.

"I want to know if he can play, first," said Pelham, with a mock appeal for compassion. Lukens laughed out loud. The Negro shook his head with pleasant resignation. Then he put one foot on my foot-locker. He tapped his harmonica, wet his lips and leaned an elbow on his knee. Then it came — not music, but Axson.

"Wait a minute."

Our enthusiasm for the Negro had pushed Axson out of the picture; we forgot him for a moment. The moment we forgot was the moment he had been waiting for. It had come. Maybe if Pelham had not trifled with the situation, had offered more convincing resistance to the Negro's offer — had not weakened, or had played with him — Axson, who had been watching and listening, might have gone back to his bunk, defeated.

III

It occurs to me now that if we had sustained what we achieved in the beginning — unanimity — Axson would have been overwhelmed to the

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end, till the Negro had gone. But in our delight in having the colored soldier with us, we forgot that he had been biding his time.

"Hold it," Axson said, this time giving us a slantwise and, I thought, triumphant leer.

He had been leaning against an aisle post, in the shadow. He slouched up to us, his bony white chest catching the light and his hands hanging loosely from his pockets. I felt the loose lace trail along my spine.

The Negro straightened. He was a tall boy, twenty or less, with an intelligent face. There was the thinness of quick growth in his build, but you felt he was capable of great endurance under pressure. He stood straight, hands at his sides. He didn't drop his shoulders or become furtive when Axson approached him. The smile faded, but what took its place proved just as strong in allying us with him — immobility. He was steady and alert, not wholly defiant, but, more pleasing, challenging in a clean-cut way. He was ready.

Axson's mouth was a straight line. His nose flared and there was no color in his face, except for the eyes, which were like black beads. He was breathing fast. As he stepped in front of the Negro, he kicked aside a tin can used for cigarette butts. He kicked it without looking down. He crossed his arms and started rocking on his heels. He stared at the Negro. He stared so long, I thought one of them would finally smile. But I was mistaken. At last, looking at the Negro but addressing us, he said, "This man a friend of yours?"

Getting no reply, he drew in his shoulders and stopped rocking. He didn't take his eyes off the Negro, who stood motionless. I could see sweat running down the boy's face. Dark, wet patches formed on his shirt. He wasn't breathing as heavily as Axson. Trucks purred softly up the highway.

"What's he doing here?"

None of us spoke up — why, I still can't say. I think that if he had asked the question again, we would have said something. One of us would have said, eagerly, "He's a friend of mine, Sergeant. I asked him to stop around some time."

But Axson had the offensive and speed was his weapon. Just then, too, we became conscious of his rank and of the long row of hash marks he wore. And we recalled the awe with which our officers regarded him — he carried out orders to the letter and to the split second — and we remembered, eccentric that he was, that he could recite the 121 Articles of War.

We felt, watching his narrow, nigger-hating face, that he had the power to sentence all of us to hang. He was more real to us, at that mo-

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ment, than the enemy. He had the situation mastered, had it clenched in his fist. He could ignore us now and concentrate on the Negro. We had had our chance. It was between him and the Negro now.

We knew something was going to happen; we were afraid to think what. Being a Southerner, maybe Pelham knew; but he didn't show it. I looked at Lukens and suddenly felt more sorry for him than the Negro. Come to think of it, I really didn't feel sorry for the Negro, though circumstantially he was in trouble. He was standing up to Axson; he was waiting. He could win.

Only, poor Lukens had to look away. Lukens was sensitive to other soldiers' pain and unhappiness. He always was that way. I suppose that what made him more unhappy was that he knew he could not hide his feelings. So that, by watching him, I could see what was going on inside Axson and the Negro. All the tenseness and friction between them, just then, was reflected in Lukens' eyes, in his mouth, and in the slow, absent movement of his finger on his blanket.

And when, finally, Axson said to the Negro, gutturally, "What you doin' here, boy?" Lukens jumped over to Axson and said in a slight scream, "He's not doing anything, Sergeant. He don't mean no harm. You can see that — he don't mean a bit of harm," and he hopefully put one hand on Axson's shoulder and the other on the Negro's.

Axson threw the hand off.

"You mind your own goddam business, Lukens. Now go on."

Lukens shrank back to his bunk.

"Take it easy, Sergeant."

"You keep your mouth shut, too."

"I'm just telling you to take it easy." Pelham spoke slowly and was sitting up. "That boy's done nothing to you."

"I'll fix you when I finish with him."

"I'll be waiting."

"All right. Now you tell me what you're doin' here," Axson repeated.

"I'm not doing anything I'm not supposed to."

"You know goddam well you got no right to be here."

The Negro hesitated. Then: "Why, Sergeant?"

Axson's eyes opened. You could see it was a meaningful question. Men like Axson were afraid of it, because it was intelligent and sane, yet touched the raw nerve of the trouble between two races of man. It was bitter to answer. It was elemental and called for the final analysis and a showdown. It never was asked point-blank. And it enraged Axson.

The boy's eyes shone. "Why, Sergeant?"

A defeated smile turned down

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Axson's mouth. Then he slapped the Negro hard across the face. It was a sound like a bullet.

"That's why, you black son of a bitch."

And as the Negro stood there, coolly, intelligently, head high, breathing evenly, the white man struck again. A bony fist punched the boy's face, punching till blood came from the nose and mouth. "That's why, you black son of a bitch." And the white hands flew over the face and body, and the straighter the body tried to stand, the higher the head, the quicker and more desperately the hands chopped. Finally the body sagged and Axson stood over it, gasping and soothing his knuckles.

The boy lifted himself onto my footlocker. He held his head back until the blood seemed to stop. He was crying a little — he was very young — and through his tears he said, softly, "That still doesn't answer the question, Sergeant."

IV

I thought Axson would kick the boy's face. Instead, he stood limply, swaying, looking helpless and futile, like a standing corpse. Giving the Negro an incredulous look, he turned his head away. Still gasping he slowly walked to his bunk and crumpled down on it. He stared blankly at the ceiling.

It happened like that. Now it was quiet. For a long time — one, two, three minutes — it was dead still. Pelham was on his feet. He would have broken in, slugging, if Axson had continued beating the boy a second longer and if we hadn't been too stunned to move. Frank, a big, good-natured refugee who had been an iron worker in Poland, was up, too. Frank was farthest away. At the first blow, he got up and said, deeply, from out of his heavy chest, "Stop it, Sergeant — stop it," and he lunged into the aisle. But the boy was already beaten, and Axson had turned away. Frank stood in front of the boy and kept looking down at the bunk near the door.

Pelham gave his towel to the Negro and told him to wash up. Axson didn't move when the boy, a little unsteadily, walked past him. He lay there looking dead, his eyes open, his bones silhouetted against the latrine light.

A ball-game cheer rose from a far corner of the post and faded. Other sounds returned: crickets, the bushes under the window, the flutter of a night bird. Traffic light from off the highway streaked crazily across the walls.

Lukens stood frozen at the window, his mouth quivering, his eyes big. Lukens was a casual in our outfit. He had been a combat medic in New

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Guinea and had cracked up. He had been decorated at the post and was awaiting discharge. He was all right to talk to, and in everything else, but tension and even a suggestion of violence made him sick. He sprang to his locker and took out an old first-aid kit. When the Negro returned he said, "Sit down and let me look at you."

"I'm all right," the boy said, but he let Lukens tend the bruises on his face. We got around the soldier and said that if he wanted to start a court-martial against Axson, we'd act as witnesses. He smiled drily.

"No, nothing like that," he said, and added, with a glance up at Frank, "because maybe I hurt him as much as he hurt me."

We went back to our bunks. Nobody felt like doing or saying anything anymore. We wanted to think of our shame.

Finally the boy rose. "But I'll tell you what," he said, and looked at his harmonica. "How about it, Sergeant?"

There was something in Pelham's eyes that made him close them for a second, and he swallowed hard. "Sure," he said, softly. "You start it, Corporal."

The Negro sat down on my bunk. He started to play. What he played was soft and low and flowed from his heart. It had dignity. He got a sweet sort of tremolo effect with his hands. He played with conviction, yet meditatively, in the half darkness. The song seemed to belong to the boy. After a while, he nodded at Pelham.

Pelham joined him. They played together, Pelham's instrument in a slightly higher key. Now and then, Pelham stopped and let the Negro play alone. Then they went on together. They played for about half an hour. It was a song they both knew.

When the wind brought taps off the parade ground, we realized it was late and the boy got up.

"Well, that's me," he said.

He tapped out his harmonica and picked up his cap. Involuntarily he touched one of the puffs on his face. We watched him. He almost chuckled.

"Good night, fellas."

Taps ended.

"Good night, soldier."

We watched him go. Walking past Axson, he held the door open a moment and said, "Good night, Sergeant," and closed the door.

As his steps clopped down the walk, Axson turned to the door, his head slightly raised. He stared like that a long time. He wanted to say something. But I guess it was too late.

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CHAIM WEIZMANN

BY *GEROLD FRANK*

Few men can be measured against their time with such perfection as Dr. Chaim Weizmann, President of Israel. Unquestionably one of the great figures of this generation, his career is so inextricably bound up with history that it is hard to say how much he shaped events, and how much he was their product. Some have called him the greatest living Jew. Others, paying tribute to his gifts as a research chemist, point out that had he never been a Zionist, he would still rank as a world personality because of his laboratory achievements. Still others think of him as the head of state who more truly than any of his contemporaries embodies in himself the characteristic faith and genius of his people.

Whatever the case, Dr. Weizmann's political labors will have to be assessed in terms of centuries, rather than years. It is sufficient to say — and this tribute comes from Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion, who has not always seen eye to eye with him — that Dr. Weizmann, more than any other living man, helped create the State of Israel. That is the single, incandescent fact about him that puts all else in shadow. That is to an extent his measure and his monument. For while many men helped build Israel, it was Dr. Weizmann who played the rôle of political alchemist through the years, who blended science and Zionism together to work magic upon the course of history.

What was it that Dr. Weizmann did? The great hope of Zion reborn is as old as the exile of the Jews. But it was Dr. Weizmann who became chief of those in this century who took the stuff of dreams and made substance of it. He and the movement he led took the yearning of the dispossessed, the inarticulate striving for dignity of a persecuted people, the centuries of bitterness and lamentation and dogged faith, and wove the pattern for millions of Jews. Because of their labors, Israel exists today.

It is impossible to discuss Weizmann

GEROLD FRANK *is an author, correspondent and lecturer, who recently returned from his sixth visit to the Middle East, where he visited Dr. Weizmann's home. This is a chapter from* Men Who Make Your World, *edited by John Barkham, to be published soon by Dutton.*

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without discussing Zionism, this movement of which he had been world leader for most of his adult life. From his earliest days he was a spokesman for Zionism. In his later days he became its principal ambassador to the world. He was at once its theoretician, interpreter, advocate, champion. For a man of peace, he has lived a highly embattled life. He fought the anti-Zionists in England and America, many of whom were wealthy Jews who thought Zionism an attempt to turn the clock back, or feared their support might impugn their loyalty as citizens of other countries. He fought those who feared the impact of a modern democratic industrial state upon the backward, feudal world of the Middle East. As a theoretician he fought Theodor Herzl, founder of modern Zionism, who wanted the Jews, in a moment of stress, to accept British Uganda, in South Africa, as a temporary refuge on the way to Palestine. He fought Louis D. Brandeis, leader of the American Zionists in the early twenties, when the latter began to stress the sociological and economic aspects of the movement at the expense of the cultural and political. In a final sense, Weizmann synthesized two great approaches in Zionism. The first was based on the idea that the Jews should struggle to obtain political recognition of their right to return to Palestine and establish a state there. The second was based on the idea that the Jews, without waiting for political recognition, should go at once to Palestine and build the land — "create facts in Palestine," as Weizmann once put it; and that ultimately, their achievements would lead to recognition. Weizmann harnessed this "political" and this "practical" Zionism together to a successful end.

It was, however, as advocate to the outside world that he was preeminent. Because of his work, such men as Arthur James Balfour, David Lloyd George, Lord Robert Cecil, Leopold Amery, Field Marshal Jan Smuts, and other British statesmen became supporters of the Zionist cause. It was the British government which in 1917 issued the Balfour Declaration, by which it pledged its assistance in the building of a Jewish National Home in Palestine. This document — a kind of Jewish Magna Carta ratified a few years later by the League of Nations — gave international recognition to the Return to Zion. It opened the path — though the road proved long, arduous and bitterly fought over — to the establishment, more than a quarter of a century later, of the State of Israel.

II

A major key to the man is to be found in the world into which he was born on November 27, 1874. He was the

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third of fifteen children of Oser Weizmann, a lumber merchant in an obscure Russian village called Motel. The family's budget never exceeded $300 a year. Young Weizmann's education was typical of the time. It began in a "Cheder," a one-room Hebrew school, which was also the home of the teacher, his family, and even the family goat. Here Weizmann was taught the Talmud, the book of Jewish law, and here he grew up at a time when the return to Zion was in the very air.

Motel lay in the heart of the notorious Russian "Pale of Settlement." This was an area outside of which Jews were forbidden to live. It was a Russia of Jewish repression, of pogroms, of anti-Semitic terror. Life for the Jews was all but intolerable. What enabled them to bear their indignities was their almost Messianic dream of a great free Jewish people again.

Under such conditions, protest and revolt were inevitable. For some this revolt became part of the general restlessness of all the Tsar's subjects, Jew and non-Jew alike, who turned toward revolution. For others — and Weizmann was among these — the direction was toward the Jewish renascence. Weizmann has described this beautifully in his autobiography: "In the depths of the masses, an impulse awoke, vague, groping, unformulated, for Jewish self-liberation. It was saturated with Jewish tradition; and it was connected with the most ancient memories of the land where Jewish life had first expressed itself in freedom. It was, in short, the birth of modern Zionism."

At the age of eleven, young Weizmann was already at work on a Zionist mission, trudging through the spring slush of neighboring villages. He was collecting pennies for what surely must have seemed one of the most absurd of causes: the raising of funds from the poverty-stricken Jews of Russia to buy land for Jewish settlement in a distant Turkish territory called Palestine, to which, at that time, Jews were not permitted to emigrate!

It was far-fetched, visionary, unrealistic. Weizmann himself has said repeatedly that it could only be understood in terms of faith. "This faith was part of our makeup," he wrote. "Our Jewishness and our Zionism were interchangeable; you could not destroy the second without destroying the first."

This was his credo throughout his life. At eighteen, rather than accept the *numerus clausus* of Russian universities, he studied chemistry in schools in Germany and Switzerland; and at the same time, he founded the first Zionist Society in Switzerland. In 1900 he became lecturer in bio-

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chemistry at the University of Geneva; there he met his wife, Vera Chatzman, a medical student of Rostov-on-Don. After their marriage in 1904, Weizmann took an appointment as lecturer in chemistry at the University of Manchester, England. There he made his name as a chemist. In World War I, through a fermentation process, he solved the problem of manufacturing synthetic acetone, vitally needed as an ingredient of smokeless gunpowder, and helped Britain and the Allies win the war. But paralleling his scientific career was his Zionist career. He rose to be leader of the British Zionists, and later, President of the World Zionist Organization, a position he held, save for one brief interlude, until 1946.

As leader of the movement, Dr. Weizmann faced many crises. In later years there were the Arab riots of 1929 in Palestine. Then came new riots, particularly in 1936–39, this time inspired by the Axis, which sought to turn the Arabs of the Middle East against the Allies. There was the British White Paper of 1939, fruit of the appeasement era, which cut off Jewish immigration into Palestine at the very moment the need for a refuge for Hitler's victims was most pressing. There was the Second World War, in which Weizmann suffered a bitter personal loss — the death of his younger son, Michael, an RAF pilot, who was missing in action. There was the upsurge of Jewish terrorism in Palestine, and the British decision, finally, to turn the Palestine problem over to the United Nations; and then the partition of Palestine, voted by the United Nations on November 29, 1947, and the establishment of Israel on May 14, 1948.

The way was not easy. No orator, no emotional speaker, given to understatement rather than emphasis, cautious as only a scientist can be, he was not popular with various segments of the Zionist movement. For nearly fifty years he pursued his careful, precise way, attacked for his moderation, for his pro-British orientation when Britain was progressively more unfriendly, for his early support of partition when partition was unpopular, for his endless patience. In May 1948, 36 hours after the provisional State was proclaimed, he was elected its President. "I doubt whether the Presidency is necessary to Dr. Weizmann," said Prime Minister Ben-Gurion. "But the Presidency of Dr. Weizmann is a moral necessity for the State of Israel."

III

Weizmann is a curiously complex man. He can be cold, detached, precise, more Anglo-Saxon than the Anglo-Saxon. Yet he can also be as

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moody as a caged lion, impatient, cutting, bitter, ironic. In political battle he has given hard blows and taken them. He is not a Jew of the Ghetto, yet his talk has all the charm and anecdotal familiarity of the Ghetto, and Yiddish, with its intimacy, is his favorite language. He has the reticence, the horror of display, of the Englishman. He has a Frenchman's rapier-like wit, a Frenchman's sense of the perfect word. He knows six languages thoroughly, yet speaks each of them with a curious accent. He is, perhaps, that most elusive of persons, the true cosmopolitan. What makes all this rather paradoxical, is the equally unmistakable fact that Weizmann is, above all else, a Jew, steeped in Jewish culture, expressive of Jewish aspirations, and single-mindedly an exponent of Jewish nationalism.

His remarkable success as a spokesman for the movement of Jewish independence may be traced to many factors. First, he is gifted with a luminous personality, a quality of personal charm which rarely fails to captivate those who meet him. "I do not want to see that Dr. Weizmann," Winston Churchill once confessed when he learned that Weizmann wished to protest unfriendly British acts in Palestine. "I must resist him, and I cannot resist him." Secondly, Weizmann's chemical renown provided a calling card which opened doors to him that Zionism never could have. Thirdly, he was an authentic carrier of the folk feeling of the Jewish masses for Palestine. This faith, carried with him from Motel, burned in him with a kind of radium-like intensity. No one who met him was likely to be unaware of it.

There was, for example, the occasion when C. P. Scott, then editor of the Manchester *Guardian*, first encountered Dr. Weizmann. The meeting, a casual one, took place at the home of mutual friends in Manchester, shortly after the outbreak of World War I. Scott became interested in this tall, somber-eyed man and asked him, "Are you a Pole, Dr. Weizmann?"

"No, I am not a Pole," Weizmann replied. "I know nothing of the Polish question. I am a Jew, and if you wish to talk to me about that, I am at your service."

This sort of refreshingly direct approach was a challenge Scott could not fail to accept. Out of that meeting came a warm friendship. Scott became an ardent Zionist. Since he was the most influential journalistic voice in all Britain, he played an important part in the early days of the Zionist movement. He was a noted liberal; he knew virtually everyone of importance; and he enthusiastically introduced Weizmann to them.

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Another example was Weizmann's meeting with Lord Balfour. Balfour, in the course of an election campaign, came to Manchester, where Weizmann was then still a comparatively unknown lecturer. Balfour consented to meet him when he learned that Weizmann was one of the Zionists who had turned down the Uganda offer.

Weizmann had been in England only a short time. His English was still quite bad. He worried over what he could say to Balfour, but he went to the great man's hotel, and was ushered into his room. Their meeting was scheduled to last fifteen minutes. But Weizmann spoke persuasively; he opened horizons to Balfour that the latter had no idea even existed; and Balfour kept him nearly an hour-and-a-quarter, although his constituents were clamoring outside to see him.

"Supposing," Weizmann said to him at one point, trying to explain why Uganda was out of the question, "supposing we were to offer you Paris instead of London?"

"Why, we have London," Balfour replied.

"Yes," said Weizmann, "and we had Jerusalem when London was a marsh."

At another point Balfour, still wrestling with this idea of Jews who wished to return to Palestine, and only Palestine, asked, "Are there many Jews who think like you?"

"Mr. Balfour," Weizmann replied, "I believe I speak the mind of thousands of Jews whom you will never meet but with whom I could pave the streets of the country I come from."

Weizmann made an impression upon Balfour that the latter never forgot. Years later, it was Balfour who, as British Foreign Minister in 1917, signed the famous Declaration in support of a Jewish national home.

There have been stories that the Declaration was a gift to Weizmann in return for his chemical discoveries. Weizmann himself has indicated that this is not true. Actually, the post-war future of Palestine was being discussed on the highest political levels by the Allied Powers. Their plan, if victory came, was to free the people of Europe under Austro-Hungarian rule, and those of the Middle East under Turkish rule. The liberal British point of view was expressed by the Manchester *Guardian*. In 1915 it declared editorially that Palestine should be established as a buffer state by the Jews, to protect the Suez Canal and Egypt from attack.

At the same time, the moral aspects of the Palestine issue interested many persons. If justice was to be the fruit of this war, it seemed to them necessary not only that the Arabs be freed,

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but that the People of the Book be returned to the Land of the Book. They saw, too, that a Jewish state at the junction of East and West would be a bastion of democracy for both Britain and America. They felt, also, that such an act would bring the Allies the moral support of the Jewish people throughout the world, and thus help ensure an Allied victory.

Before any final decision was made, the British government canvassed the Allies. President Wilson was consulted. He supported the idea. France, Russia, Italy, and the other powers agreed, and the Balfour Declaration became history.

In the years that passed, Weizmann carried on his advocacy of Zionism all over the world. He traveled year after year collecting funds for building up Palestine along the scientific lines he was convinced must be followed. Palestine must be a new kind of state. He saw no point in Jews coming into Palestine and living there as they had lived in Warsaw or Berlin. Instead, he wanted to see established a labor society, the kind of society which is today the backbone of Israel. He felt that the unhealthy economic groupings of Jews outside Palestine — the emphasis upon trades, commerce, and the professions — must not be transferred to Palestine. There he wanted to see a Jewish peasantry grounded in the land, and a people who held to the dignity of labor, who would build the land acre by acre, tree by tree.

"A state cannot be created by decree, but by the forces of a people and in the course of generations," he insisted. "Even if all the governments of the world give us a country, it would only be a gift of words. But if the Jewish people will go and build Palestine, the Jewish state will become a reality."

And so, indeed, it did come to pass.

IV

Dr. Weizmann the scientist has been rather eclipsed by the recent, more dramatic, political and military events in Palestine. But Israel today bears Weizmann's stamp as a scientist as surely as it bears the mark of his social vision. He has constantly urged that scientific research must precede every practical enterprise. Years ago he founded the Daniel Sieff Research Institute at Rehoveth, a town of some 6000 population about half an hour's automobile ride from Tel Aviv. This became a center of chemical research, and later, the nucleus of the great Weizmann Institute of Science, which was founded in 1944, the first million dollars of its cost being presented to him on his seventieth birthday by a group of American friends. Today the Weizmann Institute is undoubtedly one of the finest of its kind,

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with outstanding physicists, chemists, technologists and researchers. Some of its achievements during the war verge on the fantastic.

In the building of Israel, the problem of space is a major one. Dr. Weizmann has attacked it in characteristic fashion. There is a classic tale that in 1937, Lord Peel, head of a British Royal Commission in Palestine to investigate Arab-Jewish difficulties, came upon Dr. Weizmann in his laboratory one afternoon, working among his test-tubes.

"What are you doing, Dr. Weizmann?" he asked.

"I am creating absorptive capacity," Weizmann replied.

Absorptive capacity has been one of his major preoccupations in Israel. Summed up briefly, it means, How can you make ten blades of grass grow where none grew before? How can you make one acre of wasteland, which furnished scarcely enough sustenance for a handful of goats, become so fertile that it will support half a dozen families? In Israel this problem is a fundamental one. Land once fertile has been eroded through centuries of neglect. Deserts exist where gardens once flourished. A country into which immigrants are pouring at a rate of nearly a thousand a day must have the capacity and the space to absorb them. In this task Dr. Weizmann's scientific contributions have become a key to the future.

He does not believe there are limits to the horizons of his small country. It is small, but that only means that science must achieve what nature cannot do in solving the problem of space. He likes to recall that nearly twenty years ago Lord Passfield (Sidney Webb) turned to him, and with the authority of a recognized economist, declared, "But Dr. Weizmann, do you realize there's not room enough to swing a cat in Palestine?"

Since that day, Dr. Weizmann likes to point out, approximately half a million more persons have come into Palestine and been absorbed.

Today at the Weizmann Institute, the early discoveries he made in England during World War I are bearing fruit. At that time, he was able to produce acetone by discovering a bacterium that converted carbohydrates — sugar and starch — into acetone and butyl alcohol. What excited chemists then was that for the first time bacteria had been used in the production of industrial chemicals. Dr. Weizmann, on the basis of this work, was able in the Second World War to discover a method for the manufacture of synthetic rubber. He was called to the United States then to give the benefit of his work to this country during those critical days.

His work in other fields also have rather awesome possibilities. Weiz-

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mann's assistants are experimenting in the production of cheap foods which may help end starvation in such countries as China and India. At the Institute, peanuts and peanut cake, soya beans and soya cake — waste products usually fed to cattle — are being "upgraded"; that is, being transformed into nutritious, easily digested food for human beings. This product, as Dr. Weizmann has pointed out, is entirely of a vegetable nature, and although it contains no meat, it has a meaty taste. It is a particularly valuable diet in countries where religious laws forbid the eating of meat.

The recent war between the Arabs and the Israeli pointed a lesson for the Institute scientists. They tapped resources they had never known existed. What they created in the white heat of emergency, intended only for war purposes, are now being used as weapons in the reconstruction of the country.

A few examples are instructive. Lack of water is one of the most important problems in Palestine. There is water to be found, but much of it is brackish, salty, and of no use to man or the land. As a result of researches at the Institute, it is now possible to turn millions of gallons of this brackish water into sweet water, at a ridiculously low cost.

Castor oil is being turned into nylon thread. The castor bean grows almost indigenously on the arid soil of Palestine. It opens the way to a great plastics industry. The Jews are taking marsh weeds and hard grasses, and turning them into a synthetic wood which can be nailed, hammered, sawed, glued, and otherwise used as a building material.

Dr. Weizmann places his hopes in harnessing science on the efforts of a highly skilled population. He points to Switzerland as a model. "Like Israel, Switzerland is a small country," he explains. "And like Israel, it has no raw resources. It has water power, and it has a skilled population. These are its resources. Yet it has developed a first-rate agriculture, a fine dairy industry, an excellent textile industry, and a world-famous precision instrument industry."

Not only does he see Israel as a Switzerland in the industrial sense, but in a political sense as well. He would like his country to become the perennial neutral: a small nation which does not become involved in great-power politics. Integral to the problem of Israel's foreign policy is, of course, the attitude of the Arab States. Dr. Weizmann does not foresee an indefinite period of enmity between Jews and Arabs in the Middle East. On the contrary, he anticipates a Middle Eastern Federation in which the two great Semitic peoples will work together. In terms of his-

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tory, it may not be so strange if the bond of friendship sealed between him and the great Arab statesman, Emir Feisal, in 1918, should come to fruition.

Israel is here to stay. The Arabs have come to face that fact. Now, Weizmann feels, it is important to convince them that Israel has no designs on Arab territory. He wants them to realize that Arabs within Israel will be treated precisely as Jews within Israel. He wants the Arabs to understand that if they wish to achieve true independence — independence from foreign powers and foreign exploitation — they can follow no better pattern of social and economic reform than that presented to them by Israel.

But these questions are properly not within his province. The day-to-day conduct of foreign affairs is in the hands of Moshe Sharett, the brilliant and indefatigable Foreign Minister, who has always been close to Weizmann. And the conduct of internal affairs is in the capable hands of Prime Minister Ben-Gurion, for whom Dr. Weizmann has a tremendous respect.

V

Today, at 74, Dr. Weizmann is a tall, broad-shouldered man, well over six feet, with somber dark eyes under a high, dome-like forehead, a goatee touched with gray, and an air of infinite patience about him. He bears himself with great dignity, and is fastidious almost to a fault. He is probably the only President who has a complete wardrobe of clothes awaiting him in London, Paris, Geneva, and New York — the result of years of traveling about Europe and America on his Zionist missions.

He lives a simple life, but a gracious one. His home, which he built in Rehoveth, not far from the Sieff Institute, is one of the show places of Israel. It has a sentimental significance: it overlooks the site of the camp where Dr. Weizmann, in the midst of war in 1918, stayed as a guest of General Allenby, who was then commanding the Allied Forces fighting the Turks to liberate Jerusalem.

Mrs. Weizmann is his constant companion, the guardian of his appointment book, and a zealous buffer against the demands of the outside world. Dr. Weizmann spends as much time as he can in his laboratories. His first act after being inaugurated President was to ask his friend, Meyer W. Weisgal, executive director of the Weizmann Institute, to call together a meeting of the scientists of the Institute. He addressed them the afternoon following the inauguration, and spoke on the problems which they, as scientists, must face. His staff has never forgotten that. They con-

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sider it indicative of his dual character as statesman and scientist, and proof that the line of demarcation between the two is so faint as almost not to exist.

Twice each week, Dr. Weizmann goes down to his Presidential offices in Hakirya, on the outskirts of Tel Aviv. But these are little more than token visits. For he is an elder statesman rather than a policy-making President. His personal influence is tremendous; his political power, as President, is limited. He prefers to spend most of his time at the Weizmann Institute where, he feels, he really has his pulse on the Israel of the future.

What interests him today is the fact that as the United States becomes more concerned with lifting the standards of living of depressed peoples, Israel emerges upon the world scene to sharpen and focus that interest. There is a kind of poetic justice about this. For it was American support at the United Nations which helped bring about the passage of the partition resolution, which, in turn, served as the moral authority for the proclamation of Israeli statehood.

Dr. Weizmann sees in Israel — the only nation really called into being at the behest of the community of nations — a symbol of the unified world of the future. He believes that Israel can make a substantial contribution to human brotherhood. He points out that the world today lives on the residue, as it were, of what was created in Israel more than 2000 years ago — our entire Judeo-Christian heritage; and that the time has come for some new word to emerge from Israel to help unite all peoples.

The remnants of the Jews have been preserved for this great mission, he believes. And he goes on to observe that no one has ever replaced the Jew in Palestine. Palestine was not only a physical desert in these last twenty centuries; it was a spiritual wasteland as well. Nothing new, nothing inspiring came from it: it was derelict in more ways than one.

Now that the Jews are returning, enriched with the experience of all that is best in the Western world, he believes they may contribute greatly to the world. They may help achieve the oneness of man again. This may not be done in a decade, or in a generation; but Dr. Weizmann is a patient and a dedicated man, and he rests content.

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UE: THE BIGGEST COMMUNIST UNION

BY *DANIEL SELIGMAN*

Nineteen forty-eight was a year of resounding disasters for the Communists in the CIO. They were booted out of CIO national headquarters by Philip Murray. Joe Curran and Mike Quill, two of their old favorites, turned on them and threw them out of the maritime and transport unions. Walter Reuther completed the massacre of them that he had begun the year before in the United Automobile Workers. At the CIO convention in Portland last November, almost every speech became an occasion for cursing and reviling the Party-liners. President Murray used phrases like "ideological dive-bombers," "dry-rot leaders," "afflictions on mankind," and "degraded thinkers," to describe the left-wingers who had been plaguing him for the past eight years. Everywhere in the CIO, the word was out to "get the Commies."

And yet when all the shooting was over, the "Commies" were still on top in the UE. The United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers of America, the third largest union in the CIO, had again proved too tough for the anti-Communists to crack. At the UE convention, held two months before the CIO met, the Party-liners had little trouble returning to power the same clique that had been guiding the destinies of the union since 1941. As president they had re-elected Albert J. Fitzgerald, chairman of the Progressive party conclave that nominated Henry Wallace. They were also fortunate enough to have "Fitzie" retained as a vice-president of the CIO. He is now, indeed, the only member of the CIO national board with left-wing affiliations.

With contracts covering some 570,000 workers, the UE is easily the largest Communist-dominated union left in the country. It dwarfs such Stalinist strongholds as Ben Gold's fur workers, which has 100,000 members, and Harry Bridges' longshoremen, which has only 50,000. Only a handful of unions in the country outrank it in size: the auto and steel workers in the CIO, the teamsters in

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the AFL, the independent mine workers and machinists.

The UE is a good deal more than just a union. As it has swelled in size, it has also taken on some of the attributes of a giant political pressure group, like the Progressive Citizens of America. It now sponsors its own news commentator, Arthur Gaeth, on a nation-wide ABC hookup. It has produced several motion pictures with social themes. It has published scores of polemical pamphlets, on subjects ranging from the American press to atomic energy. It prepares "teachers' kits" for use in the schools. The *UE News*, which Louis Budenz once called "the gem of Communist journalism," has a print order of over 600,000 and claims to be the largest weekly newspaper in the country.

But the UE's size and wealth and public-relations value are not the only, or even the main, reasons that it has been such a prize to the Communists. Ultimately, the Party's chief stake in the union is its strategic position in any defense setup. The 1500 electrical companies contracted to it could not be closed down without speedily bringing on a national emergency; theoretically, at least, the UE leaders could tie up any American armament program by calling out their men on strike. (Whether they could actually get away with this in a period of acute crisis is problematical.) There is also the danger of sabotage. As President Fitzgerald cheerfully informed an inquiring congressman last year, the union has contracts on "all kinds of things that go into national defense," including radar and equipment for the manufacture of atomic energy.

This situation has been a source of intense concern to the government, and it led recently to a battle between the union and the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission. About a year ago, the UE began to organize atomic energy workers in General Electric laboratories. Chairman David Lilienthal of the AEC tentatively barred the union from some laboratories, but called a conference in Washington for "a fuller exploration of the issues." The UE never showed up at the conference, and Lilienthal finally ordered it out of all General Electric atomic energy laboratories. At this point, the union filed a $1 million damage suit against the commission and GE, and charged that Lilienthal was trying to "establish in the United States government-dominated company unions, modeled after the Nazi labor front." The suit was recently dismissed.

II

How long the Communists will be able to hang on in the UE is a matter that is now being carefully scruti-

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nized in the labor and left-wing press. Everyone, except the Communists themselves, seems to agree that their days are numbered. The time clearly has passed when a few Communist supermen were able to lead thousands of American workers by the nose. In the last few years, two organizations have developed within the union to combat the left-wingers: the UE Members for Democratic Action and the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. Both of these groups have been beaten by the Stalinist machine time and time again. Nevertheless, their strength is growing, and in the past eight months they have scored some important victories in local elections. In May of this year, CIO secretary-treasurer James B. Carey, a former leader of the UE, presided over a convention of the union's anti-Communists at Dayton, Ohio. Elaborate plans were laid for a campaign against the Stalinist machine.

The machine that runs the UE is headed by three men. The first of these, President Fitzgerald, is a rather improbable figure to be at the helm of a Communist-dominated union. He is not a Communist himself; he is not a man of any great talents; and he has no special popularity among the rank-and-file. One former Party member testified before a congressional committee last fall that "Fitzie" was picked for the job precisely because of these negative qualities. The witness said that James McLeish, a Communist who runs UE's District 4, suggested him for the job because "He is dumb and will leave us alone."

Actually, this is something of an over-simplification. Nobody has ever accused Fitzgerald of being a mental giant, or much of an independent thinker, but there was another reason for the machine's decision to elect him president back in 1941. At that time, the Communists were at war with Jim Carey, the incumbent president and the founder of the union. They had a number of men in mind to run against Carey. Several of these refused, narrowing the field. Then, in the months before the 1941 convention, the General Electric locals began complaining that they weren't well enough represented in the union's leadership. That decided the matter in favor of Fitzgerald, who was then serving as president of the mammoth GE local at Lynn, Massachusetts. The machine nominated and elected him, and has kept him in office ever since.

The real bosses of the UE, the men who put Fitzgerald where he is, are James J. Matles, the organizational director, and Julius Emspak, the secretary-treasurer. Matles and Emspak are shrewd, hard-bitten Stalinists. Both of them got into the union

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in its earliest years, concealed their political affiliations, worked at their jobs sixteen hours a day, and were quickly placed in the offices they now hold. Both of them are regarded with some awe even by their opponents in the union. "Matles is a genius," one of the UE anti-Communists conceded privately. "He is the sort of man that can go cold into a room with a hundred strangers in it and take complete charge in a couple of minutes. Nobody can stand up to him in a rough-and-tumble debate. Emspak is a quieter type, but he knows how to handle the finances. They make a terrific team."

Neither Matles nor Emspak has ever admitted publicly to being a Communist Party member, but both of them have been identified as top Communists, on many occasions, by former Party bosses who had quit the movement. Emspak was named by Louis Budenz as the anonymous "Comrade Juniper" who had attended the secret CP trial of Earl Browder, and who had otherwise taken an active part in high Communist affairs, always without his identity being known to any except a few leading Party members. But most UE members have the feeling that Matles, rather than Emspak, is the number-one man in the union.

Politics aside, Jim Matles is certainly one of the greatest organizers in the American labor movement today. Although he is only 40 years old, he has a record as a left-wing labor leader that goes back at least to 1929. At that time an immigrant boy of 20, he was already a grand lodge master of the AFL International Association of Machinists. When William Z. Foster organized the Communist Trade Union Unity League in 1929, Matles pulled his machinists out of the IAM and attached them to the Steel and Metal Workers Industrial Union, which was an affiliate of the TUUL. Later, when the TUUL was dissolved, Matles took them back to the IAM. In 1937 he did a third flip-flop when he pulled them out again, this time to join the UE. His hold on this sizable bloc of machinists — it was about 10,000 strong — was partly responsible for his early rise to power in the UE.

In 1933, before the UE had been formed, Matles' name appeared under a published statement which said, among other things, that "only the Communist Party, as the party of the working class, represents the interests of the entire working population." [1] Some observers have taken this as final evidence of his attachment to the CP. But whether Matles and Emspak are actually dues-paying,

[1] *Daily Worker*, November 6, 1933. Late in 1948, Matles denied that he had ever made such a statement, but his testimony was rather vague as to how his name had come to be used.

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card-holding members of the Party is not the main point. When ex-President Carey of the UE was asked whether he thought they were members, he answered: "I would contend in a case like this [that] if someone walks like a duck and swims like a duck and quacks like a duck, he is a duck." Matles and Emspak, for all practical purposes, are ducks.

III

Because the Communists believe, as the *Worker* editorialized last year, that "the main industrial base of [the] Party is in electrical," they have thrown their best talent into the fight to keep the UE in line. A steady stream of Communists and fellow-travelers has been poured into the union to keep the machine well-oiled. Big-name Party-liners like Clarence Hathaway, Carl Marzani and Lee Pressman have all worked for the UE at various times; and hundreds of smaller fry have also moved in and out of the union, providing the leadership with whatever support it needed at critical times. There is no way of learning exactly how many Communists are in the union now. About 350 hardened Stalinists have been identified, and estimates of the hidden Party membership run from 100 to 850. In any case, the comrades have accomplished a miracle of organization. Numerically, they are less than 1 per cent of the union membership, but they have been standing the other 99 per cent on its head for more than eight years.

How do they do it? In brief, they do it by working hard and keeping their men in all the strategic positions. At present, things are so arranged that no international representative of the union can be hired without Matles' say-so. No union funds can go out of UE headquarters on New York City's Fifty-first Street without the consent of Emspak. The offices, in New York and at some of the district levels, have been packed with Party-liners. Despite its ultra-democratic constitution, the union has been run strictly from the top down, and at the top the power is in the hands of the Communist Party.

The management of the *UE News* is a case in point. The *UE News*, which is sent weekly to every member of the union, is published by an organization called Trade Union Service, Inc., which also does publishing work for other left-wing outfits. The owners of this organization, none of whom is a UE member, include Corliss Lamont, Frederick Vanderbilt Field, James Waterman Wise, and a number of other men with long "progressive" records. Louis Budenz has testified that when he was editor of the *Daily Worker*, Tom

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Wright of the *UE News* occasionally came up to Communist headquarters in New York City. "The visits of Wright," Budenz explained, "were for the purpose of checking up to see that the *UE News* was always in line with the *Daily Worker*. Of course, he didn't have to do that too much, because he read the *Daily Worker* every day, and had to. . . . Then, too, we wanted his advice . . . as to how the *Daily Worker* could reach out to more UE members."

This political control exists at the top not because the membership is sympathetic to Communism, but because, for the most part, it stays out of union politics. When a man works eight hours in a factory, five days a week, he wants to relax in his leisure hours; and fighting Communists at a local meeting hall is not his (or anyone else's) idea of relaxation. This leaves the door open to the comrades, who, unfortunately, never seem to relax. They are out in force at every meeting, working together as a disciplined team, shouting down the opposition, prolonging the discussion past the point at which the ordinary member gives a hoot in hell what happens.

Beating the Communists in the UE will entail a good deal more than just having the members cast an occasional vote for the right side. They will have to get out to the meeting halls, wrest control there from Matles' astute parliamentarians, outsit the comrades, win majorities, and build up their own organizations. And the job has to be done over and over again, at every election. What has happened often in the past is that a local would put in an anti-Communist slate in one election and then have the Communists return to power in the next.

IV

The United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers of America traces its origins directly back to a "fishing club" organized by Jim Carey in the spring of 1933. Carey was then an ambitious young man of 22, working in the radio laboratory of the Philco Radio Corporation and studying electrical engineering at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia. But engineering never really held his interest; like his father, who had been a friend and admirer of Samuel Gompers, Carey was more concerned with labor organization. The "Phil-Rod Fishing Club" which he started with seven of his friends was actually an "underground" union local. The money they raised, ostensibly to buy a yacht, was for a strike fund.

With the passage in June 1933 of the National Industrial Recovery Act, Carey was no longer forced to dissemble. He openly organized what

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was the first local union in the electrical and radio industry, and called a strike against Philco. Before the end of July, he had won a blanket wage increase, an eight-hour day, a five-day week, and time-and-a-half for overtime. It was a tremendous personal triumph for him. His local was quickly chartered by the AFL.

But the Radio and Television Workers Union — the name of the local — never got along with the AFL. Carey wanted a nation-wide industrial union, and the AFL leadership wanted only a loose merger of craft unions, to be subordinated to its own Metal Trades Department. After three years of wrangling over the relative merits of craft and industrial unionism, and over the rights of the electrical workers in the AFL, Carey finally pulled out and joined John L. Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organization. By this time, the Philco local had gone through several major changes of name and jurisdiction; it had swelled into a national organization with some 30,000 members, and now called itself the United Electrical and Radio Workers of America. In 1937, it began to organize machinists, and emerged in its present form as the UERMWA, CIO.

The UE has had Communist trouble from the beginning. In the first hectic days at Philco, when Carey tried to operate free of Communist influence, the boys gave him what is commonly called the "tool-of-the-bosses" treatment. When he settled the strike with Philco, a local Party-line sheet let him know, in unambiguous terms, just where he stood with them:

> At the union meeting on the 10th, when the workers expected to hear report of the negotiation and get concrete proposals for winning our demands, what did we find? Carey and Hines making fancy speeches full of empty phrases, for over 5 hours, many workers leaving in disgust. . . . After all this, the strike was shelved; the mandate will of the membership disregarded; instead, arbitration was put over. (The *Philco Broadcast*, August 5, 1933.)

In the end, it proved almost impossible to get rid of the Communists. There were simply not enough men trained in the techniques of industrial organization to dispense with them altogether, and in those days of innocence CIO leader Lewis saw no special reason why they *should* be dispensed with. (Lewis naïvely planned to use the Communists for their organizing ability, then get rid of them. What happened, of course, was that the Communists used Lewis to infiltrate the CIO.) Carey, who was an ardent disciple of Lewis, made an effort to overlook his early treatment

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by the Party-liners. He did nothing to oppose the election of Emspak as secretary-treasurer in 1936, and in 1937, when the post of organizational director was established, he made no attempt to keep Matles from winning it.

For the first few years of the UE's existence, Carey and the Communists were able to work together smoothly. Those were the years of the United Front, when Communists were calling themselves Twentieth-Century Americans and buttering up to every liberal in sight. Moreover, Carey himself was not exactly a militant anti-Communist then. He became a favorite speaker of such "front" organizations as the American Student Union and the American Youth Congress. As late as 1940, he ridiculed Gene Tunney's attacks on the AYC.

But ultimately, a split was inevitable. The first noticeable rift began to develop after the signing of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. When war broke out in Europe, Carey supported the administration's policy of aiding Britain. Emspak, meanwhile, was recruiting men for the picket line that marched in front of the White House with signs assailing Roosevelt as a "warmonger." The Communists put the heat on Carey to denounce the administration. He not only refused, but began a savage attack on the Party through his column in the *UE News*. The fight was on.

For the first time, Carey began to realize how powerful the Communists had become in his union. At the 1940 UE convention, which was held during the Battle of Britain, the comrades were able to push through a resolution declaring that the fight against Hitler was "not a war for democracy or for the liberation of oppressed nations or a war against totalitarianism, but a fight among the great powers of Europe to defend their own right to oppress and exploit people." (The 1941 convention, which met after Russia had been attacked, resolved, "Whereas Hitlerism directly endangers our country," etc.) It was becoming obvious that, for all his personal popularity, Carey was not master in his own house. He found, for example, that he was surrounded by Communist office help at UE headquarters in New York. He was unable to pick his own secretary. His mail was interfered with and his desk drawers rifled. Confidential union information was being pipelined to the *Daily Worker*.

One incident that occurred early in 1941 showed rather dramatically the position that Carey was in. Some UE members in Pittsburgh wrote to him asking whether, in his opinion, their local had the right to bar Communists from holding office. Carey tried to arrange a meeting with

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Matles and Emspak to discuss this obviously explosive question, but found that his fellow-officers were inaccessible. After several days, he decided to advise the local, on his own initiative, that it had a perfect right to bar Communists from office. He dictated a letter to that effect, and waited for his secretary to type it for him. While he was waiting, he received a phone call from Matles — who was out of town at the time. "Jim," Matles began, "that letter you sent to local 615 in Pittsburgh ——" Carey brusquely told Matles that the letter hadn't been sent yet, then called in his secretary and fired her.

The fanaticism of the fight that Carey had on his hands can be indicated from the following Communist document, which was unearthed by Cliff Haley, now president of the militantly anti-Stalinist Local 452:

DISTRICT FRACTION TRAINING SCHOOL, UERMWA
December 1937 to February 1938
WE RESOLVE

We, the students of the District Fraction Training School of the UERMWA, District No. 4 . . . pledge to go back to the locals of our union and, as Communists, become the best and most energetic trade unionists; to build our union and to prepare the workers for the struggles ahead. . . . We pledge to become really Party conscious, and defend the Party line against the constant attacks by the fascists and their agents, the Trotzkyites; to expose and drive the Trotzkyites out of the labor movement. . . .

Forward to build a strong and powerful Communist Party!!!

Forward for a strong People's Front to defeat fascism and war!!!

Forward to the American October!!!

(21 SIGNATURES)

At the time of the 1941 UE convention, few people outside the Communist Party dreamed that Carey might be beaten. He was the founder of the union and the only president it had ever had. No one could question his liberalism, his competence, or the policies he had followed in disputes with management. His stature had grown enormously when, early in 1941, he was appointed a member of the nine-man Production Planning Board of the Office of Production Management and an alternate member of the National Defense Mediation Board. His popularity in the union was unrivaled.

When the UE convened at the Walt Whitman Hotel in Camden, however, Carey found that the machine was out to get him. He was given a choice of two alternatives: he could backtrack on his anti-Communism or he could give up office. On the Communist issue he refused to compromise: he gave his complete support to a reso-

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lution to bar totalitarians from local office. Up to the last, he refused to believe that the Communists would dare to run a candidate against him. Even when a procession of comrades took the floor to scream against "red-baiters" who were "selling out" the union, he thought that Matles and Emspak were bluffing. He was wrong. At the last minute, the Communists pulled Fitzgerald out of the hat and elected him with a 54 per cent majority. They could have done even better if they hadn't been in such a hurry. The machine moved so swiftly that some lower-echelon Communists never got their instructions; in the confusion they voted for Carey.

When the fight was over, Matles took the floor and delivered a long, hypocritical eulogy of Carey, commending him for his previous services to the union, and advocating that he be continued as a national officer of the CIO. It was most unfortunate, Matles said, that this whole squabble had to arise.

V

In eight years of running the UE, the Communists have entrenched themselves so solidly that nothing short of a sustained, concerted offensive can drive them out. The UE Members for Democratic Action, which was organized during the summer of 1946, has been conducting such a campaign since that year. Until recently, the UEMDA leaders were talking of throwing out the present administration by 1950. But in the past eight months, they have won some surprising victories; locals in Pittsburgh, New York, Schenectady, Lynn, and other cities, with a combined membership of some 70,000, have voted in anti-Communist slates. Today the opposition is coming to feel that it has a fair chance of winning this year. Carey claims that the anti-Communist ticket, headed by Fred Kelly, business manager of Fitzgerald's local at Lynn, will be supported by more than half the membership. In any case, the fight will certainly be closer this year than it has at any time since 1941.

The Communists have been hurt badly by the non-Communist provision of the Taft-Hartley Act. Since the leaders of the UE would not, or could not, sign the required affidavits, the union is not entitled to the services of the National Labor Relations Board. This has left it wide open to the onslaughts of its enemies, both in labor and management.

So far, most of the hell has been raised by its labor enemies, especially by Walter Reuther. Reuther has an old score to settle with Matles and Emspak. On several occasions in the past, Reuther's United Automobile Workers and the UE have both been

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embroiled in wage-and-hour disputes with the same companies, and more than once the UE has "knifed" Reuther by coming to terms in advance. Now the UAW is getting its revenge. For the past year, Reuther's aggressive organizers have been welcoming dissident UE locals into the steadily expanding UAW. About 30,000 workers have already switched. When this raiding first began, Philip Murray issued a mild remonstrance, but it was obvious that CIO national headquarters did not seriously intend to call off Reuther. There seems to be very little that Matles and Emspak can do about it.

The union's separation from the NLRB also leaves it theoretically at the mercy of the big electrical companies, who can now bargain, or refuse to bargain, as they see fit. Up to now, only a few companies have taken an aggressive line with the UE, but the threat is always there, and it may lead to action when Matles tries to push his "fourth round" of wage increases. It accentuates the feeling of insecurity among the rank-and-file, who have already been hit hard by the growing unemployment. A mounting irritation with the present leadership is replacing the apathy which always used to leave the Communists without much real opposition.

The Communists are also worried by the rather ambiguous rôle of President Fitzgerald. At the CIO convention last fall, Fitzgerald rose to his feet at one point and defended himself against the "red-baiters" by shrieking, "I don't give a damn about Russia! And I think Molotov and Vishinsky are warmongers!" This was obviously a heresy of the first order, and the *Daily Worker* made a point of cuffing the president on the wrist.

Fitzgerald has not yet split with the Communists, however. As a matter of fact, he would have a great deal of difficulty splitting with them. Unlike Mike Quill and Joe Curran, he has no organization of his own and very little prestige. Moreover, the liberal leadership in the union long ago passed into other hands, and since Carey and Fitzgerald hate each other, it is difficult to envisage them as allies against the Communists. All of this leaves the president in a decidedly awkward position. He has the unpleasant choice of splitting now and fighting a lone battle against a formidable crew of character-assassins, or of hanging on to the end and going down with the ship. At present, he seems to be firmly, though rather unhappily, committed to the latter course.

All in all, it is a pretty problem. Like a good many other people who have worked with the Communists, the president of the UE is coming to realize that he has made a bad bargain.

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THE NEW LOOK AT VASSAR

BY *CAROLINE BIRD*

AT A recent Vassar reunion, a brave alumna broke the ice with a personal confession: "I am an ex-newspaperwoman and Columbia Pulitzer scholar who has spent five years trying to overcome a feeling of guilt at having become a housewife instead of writing the great American novel."

The statement could have been the life story of a dozen women in the room, and each was eager to append her own. Everyone agreed with the alumna who cracked that Vassar should have prepared her for a woman's lot and not a happy one. Her advice is being taken more seriously than she meant it to be. More Vassar undergraduates are now majoring in Child Study than in any other field except English.

The women's colleges are on the spot. Their trustees are beset by missionaries of the progressive education movement who have completed the conversion of the secondary schools and are reaching confidently into the more vulnerable citadels of higher learning. These evangelists exhort them to take a good hard look at the needs of their students. A cursory glance reveals the significant fact that they are all visibly nubile women. Alumnae statistics prove that they are doomed to marriage and motherhood. The conclusion is obvious: if it is beneath the dignity of a college to teach its students how to fold diapers, it can at least teach them the right attitude towards folding diapers.

For more than a generation, Barnard College was run by Dean Virginia Gildersleeve, a grim, competent spinster who once admitted that a college education was wasted on a girl who intended to spend the rest of her life doing no more than raising a family. She has been replaced by Mrs. Millicent McIntosh, who believes that in order to be happy, a woman must be educated in the proper "emotional approach to life. The answer is not in the scholarly approach." At the time of her inauguration, Mrs. McIntosh charmed Barnard students accustomed to Gildersleeve blasts on the state of the world by telling them how

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much her five children, including the twins, would enjoy dips in the campus pools.

Vassar's Sarah Blanding is an ex-Dean of Home Economics who protests that she is neither a scholar nor a feminist. When the oldest woman's college chose a woman to succeed Henry Noble MacCracken in 1946, newspapers hailed the break with precedent as a recognition that women were going to play a larger part in the home. Miss Blanding is more concerned about the alumna who marries and finds home-making dull than she is about the professional woman who has a hard row to hoe in a man's world. One of her first public statements as president was to urge that colleges combat the growing divorce rate by educating both men and women for family life.

The way to do it, Miss Blanding adds hastily, is not to teach Vassar girls how to cook, or to give them one of the courses on "marriage problems" that are cluttering up other campuses. A liberal dose of social sciences oriented around woman's rôle in society ought to enable an intelligent girl to solve these problems for herself. Her thinking is a full circle return to the motives that inspired Matthew Vassar to found the first woman's college in the United States.

"It occurred to me," the godly brewer wrote in 1861, "that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development. I consider that the MOTHERS of a country mould the characters of its citizens, determine its institutions, and shape its destiny. Next to the influence of the mother is that of the FEMALE TEACHER, who is employed to train young children at a period when impressions are most vivid and lasting."

Matthew's genial sentiments did not survive the first matriculation. "Vassar Female College" was no sooner lettered over the driveway leading to the delightfully ugly red brick building he had caused to rise on the model of the Tuileries than Sarah Hale, the aggressive editor of the *Godey Lady Book*, persuaded him to remove the invidious word "female" from both charter and sign.

In the decades that followed, the gaping keystone at Vassar set the tone of Matthew's institution. At first, Vassar attracted girls who might have to earn their own living because even their own mothers couldn't see who would marry them. The cloistered atmosphere of the campus condemned many of the biologically sound to a single life. The only place a nineteenth century Vassar girl could entertain a young man, if she were lucky enough to have one, was in the horsehair "engaged parlour"

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in Main, exposed to the curious inspection of classmates passing by the significantly open door.

Vassar opened other vistas. Secluded on the Hudson, the girls could study physics and chemistry without having to sit behind a screen, as pioneer lady scientists had occasionally been allowed to do at Harvard. Unlike the coeds at the land-grant universities, they had a fair chance to become editors of the college newspaper and presidents of their classes. When they were graduated, a surprising number of them haunted the local city hall until its exhausted politicians voted a full-time municipal health officer, milk inspection, or free lunches for the schools. Vassar produced women like Susan Miller Dorsey, '77, the first woman superintendent of a metropolitan school system; Julia Lathrop, '80, first director of the Children's Bureau; and Josephine Roche, '08, mining executive and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

II

When I attended Vassar fifteen years ago, the public had learned just what to expect of us. We were, in the words of an alumna who had collected lay opinion on the typical Vassar girl, "at once intellectual, rich, mannish, capable, impractical, snobbish, radical, dowdy, and fast." According to people who once knew a girl up there, we were supposed to be given to the devastation of ordinary malekind by a flashy show of erudition or a perverse support of leftish movements aimed at the undermining of our own well-heeled position.

In the twenties, a bright Vassar girl could get almost sexually excited over the prospect of a rapid rise in Macy's. We weren't, only because we knew the prospect wasn't there. We studied Karl Marx and flocked into economics courses to learn about the business cycle, then in full ebb. We organized labor, founded serious little magazines, marched in peace parades, and wrote social protest novels, sometimes for college credit. We were encouraged by an equally serious clutch of feminists on the faculty, mostly maiden ladies, who taught us that we would have to clean up the sticky mess men had made of the world if we wanted to bring children into it.

This call to arms was received with respect but without conviction by an increasing freight of "ordinary girls" who, in the courageous words of one of them, intended to "get married and lead an everyday life." Their presence made Vassar a safe place to park a marriageable but unmarried girl. It became fashionable for parents to decorate their daughters with a harmless shellac of culture. These "prom trotters" (now the "station wagon set") invented off-campus weekends.

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Faculty reaction is best summed up in an apocryphal story that went the rounds for years. It seems that back in the twenties a New Orleans matron wired the college authorities that her student daughter was wanted at home immediately to preside over the Mardi Gras. Dean Mildred C. Thompson indignantly refused to let her go. To the Dean's horror, the girl left Poughkeepsie forever to become Queen for a Day.

Between the wars, light-minded girls like these were an internal proletariat in campus society. They were the majority, but they were inarticulate. They slipped away to the nursery school to play with children for academic credit in apologetic silence. The dominant minority regarded them as backsliders who might be more interested in Yale boys than in Vassar and hence shouldn't have come to college in the first place.

The faculty tried hard to reclaim such of them as seemed to possess a Brain. One tough-minded professor used the needle. "Why are you majoring in Child Study," she asked a promising apostate, "if you can get an A in my course?" The faculty closed ranks to keep Blodgett Hall figuratively as well as literally on the edge of the campus. Putting principle ahead of comfort, they refused to move into its smart gray studies and conspired to make room for each other in the attic of orthodox Rockefeller Hall.

Thus reared, I gasped with horror at the news that the new president was an ex-Dean of Home Economics. I rushed up to Poughkeepsie expecting the worst. To my relief, I found that the old place has held its shape pretty well.

If there is any new look abroad, it is certainly not expressing itself in campus clothes. The current shorts and slacks protest the crippling tradition of feminine daintiness more effectively than the sensible skirts and sweaters I used to wear. Students ride their bicycles around in sawed-off blue jeans and sneakers with no socks at all — a costume you could get away with in my day only when you were building scenery for Halley Flanagan's experimental theatre.

A lot of other things are basically the same, too. Life at Vassar has always been, and still is, deliberately democratic. There have never been sororities. Rooms are assigned by preference and lot, and the charge is the same whether you draw a "matchbox" in Main or half of a three-room suite in luxurious Jocelyn. Everyone waits on table and cleans her own room to the satisfaction of a student supervisor. No one knows or cares how much pocket money you have to spend, and there's nothing around Vassar to spend it on.

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III

Unfortunately, however, Vassar is still getting the rich and the well born. Scholarships do not seem to be the answer to this embarrassing problem. A relatively high endowment of $13 million puts everyone who pays the $1600 board and tuition fees more or less on scholarship and permits direct aid to one out of every four students. But no matter how hard the Board of Admissions tries to get a fair national sampling, the student body continues to show a disproportionately high percentage of Republicans, Protestants, and Anglo-Saxon names. As among members of Congress, the largest single occupation of Vassar fathers is the law. Vassar mothers are apt to have gone to Vassar themselves.

Inbreeding used to be much worse a generation ago, when alumnae registered their girl babies at birth. Getting into Vassar today is a little like getting into heaven. The only entrance is the straight and narrow path of academic achievement. A senior who spent a year at one of the cram schools that specialize in teaching girls how to attack a college entrance examination reports that the brain-strain was more harrowing than anything she later experienced within the pearly gates themselves. "When the telegram of acceptance finally came," she recalls, "I had a numb feeling that there wasn't anything left in life to accomplish." The authorities are not happy that more than 50 per cent of the freshman class spent their last high school year in a private school.

Once in, a girl may get on "probation" but she is not likely to flunk out. She will, however, spend an average of 43 hours a week studying four or five subjects of her own choosing. For relaxation, she may engage in a number of extra-curricular activities so serious that there is talk of honoring them with academic credit: the *Vassar Miscellany News*, the *Vassar Chronicle*, debate, the "little magazines" devoted to creative writing, the chorale, the dance club, the drama groups. There is a very conscious effort on the part of both students and college to provide fun for boys and girls on the campus, but frivolity is not the regular thing. The girls are thankful that they do not have to put up with the snobberies and artificialities of "campus life" as it is lived in the great coeducational universities.

"The way it is now," one earnest senior told me, "you have to get all dressed up and take a train to Yale or West Point or Princeton and the whole weekend is a glamorous fling that bears no relation to real life whatsoever." When eligible bachelors return these visits, they wander around

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the campus looking as though they are too embarrassed to ask for the men's room.

Several dozen GIs anxious enough for an education to seek it in a convent have made no dent on the Vassar one-sex world. Veterans who hoped the novel experience might have its lighter moments have, for the most part, been rudely disappointed. If anything, they are resented because they didn't enter strictly on grades and often can't keep up with their classes. A professor told one of them he might get through if he spent a couple of weeks boning in the library.

"That's the whole trouble," he wailed. "The place gives me the creeps. Every time I go in there it's full of girls studying. Don't they ever stop hitting the books?"

The books they are "hitting" are more apt to be the collected works of John Locke, a papal encyclical, or Machiavelli in the original Italian, than a textbook. In class, they will be expected to have their own opinions on what these documents mean.

The curriculum is constantly undergoing bitterly debated change both of intent and content. Currently, the field of knowledge, which the catalogue says is unified, is actually divided into four convenient areas: the arts, the languages, the natural sciences, and the social sciences. A major in the Department of Music in the arts group will not only listen to thousands of recordings in the Music Building, but write a sonata or two of her own if she is so minded. A major in sociology not only studies ideas past and present about the construction of society; she may also help the town of Poughkeepsie make a housing census. According to the catalogue, languages and literatures are taught because "peoples must learn to communicate peacefully if we are to survive." Natural science is taught so that students may "understand the laws of nature which impose limits upon man's power."

The faculty is proud that Vassar doesn't train a girl to do anything in particular — it has only recently been possible to qualify there for a teacher's certificate — but they are convinced that a liberal education ought to penetrate deep enough to hurt. In her famous course, "The Contemporary Press," Helen Lockwood of the English Department needles students into plucking the unpleasant truths of our time from between the lines of the daily newspapers. When the treatment brought one Southern girl to the verge of a nervous breakdown over the Negro problem, Miss Lockwood fixed her up by getting her to do a paper on Southern liberalism.

Although the faculty is recruited and promoted on the basis of teaching ability, most of them are engaged on

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exciting, if special, research. Maud Makemson, astronomer, is busy correlating Mayan astronomical calculations with the modern calendar, a job complicated by the lack of a key to Mayan hieroglyphics. Richard Krautheimer, art, is going to Rome to dig out a fourth century chapel uncovered by an American bomb. Miss J. B. Ross, history, is taking a year's leave of absence to translate a twelfth-century detective story entitled *The Murder of the Good Count Charles.* Evelyn Yellow Robe, a Lakota Sioux who is instructor in Oral English, hopes to find out why Indians never stutter.

Faculty salaries are as low at Vassar as they are in other colleges, and the situation is not improved by a general feeling that since most of them are women they ought to be content to take part of their compensation in academic prestige. Only a few outstanding full professors get $7000 a year, but they are willing to stay at Vassar partly because it is one of the few colleges in the country that is actually run by the faculty. Nothing makes them angrier than the accusation that they have made the place into an ivory tower. Mabel Newcomer, Professor of Economics, spent a year advising the American Military Government in Berlin how to tax the German people.

"This is not a sheltered place," she warned the 1947 crop of freshmen on her return. "There are no parents to protect you. You will meet strange — even dangerous ideas. You have already gone forth into the world. You are exposed to great risks."

IV

To outsiders, this talk of dangers and risks sounds like an admission that the college is a hotbed of Communism. To Vassar ears, it is simply a sober warning that ideas are important. If Vassar girls, who enjoy their full share of academic freedom, sometimes make noises like radicals, they cannot help doing it in a thoroughly democratic way. After several all-night debates, the always left-of-center *Vassar Miscellany News* managed to get to press one week last fall by publishing two editorials — an endorsement of Wallace and a protest against the views of the majority of the editorial board by a few sincere holdouts. The *News* then polled student opinion and found, not unexpectedly, that the Vassar rank and file were leaning at the moment towards Stassen for President. Later, the "*Misc*" withdrew its support of Wallace with more long, soul-searching editorials. It is perhaps significant in an age of one-newspaper towns that the Vassar campus supports two student papers. During the Wallace rumpus the more conservative *Vassar*

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Chronicle solidly supported Dewey.

All of these incidents and problems seemed reassuringly familiar. Most of them could have happened at the Vassar I knew in the thirties. The girls are the same old serious Vassar girls, though the trimmings are different. To my nostalgic eye, they sound alarmingly sensible and they mean more of the things they sit up late at night to talk about. The bright ones have been reading Freud instead of Marx. They claim that nothing so mechanical as a strong labor movement or a reorientation of our foreign policy is enough to save American culture, now held to be on its last legs. Only a drastic renovation of human nature will do, and the obvious place to begin on that is in the home. The revolution is woman's work and it can't be done by women who have sold out to the prevailing male errors.

The most popular professors are no longer the leaders of the fight against Child Study, who encouraged my generation to fight its way through male competition to male ends, but two self-consciously "normal" women who are admired because they are the proud mothers of four children apiece. Mrs. Dorothy Lee of Anthropology and Mrs. Mary Fisher Langmuir of Child Study pack the girls into their classes because they assure them that it is satisfying to have children and that even doing dishes can be fun — if you have the right emotional attitude.

Mrs. Lee admits that she pities men because they can't have children. She manages to make the girls feel that way too. Every fall she asks her class if they believe men and women are equal, and they invariably answer yes. Then, by questions keyed to what they regard as proper behavior in mixed company, she forces them to recognize that they expect the men they marry to be more logical, more forceful, more independent, better educated, richer, and socially more prominent than themselves. The traits they associate with women are usually negative.

"How can you complain about the inferior status of woman," she then inquires, "when you yourselves expect men to be superior?" While they are thrashing around in this dilemma, she tells them about primitive tribes where the men get together and pretend to give birth to children in imitation of women.

"Isn't it possible," she suggests pointedly, "that the hostility between the sexes arises not because women want to be men, but because men are envious that they cannot bear children? Isn't it possible that women have seldom distinguished themselves in the arts and sciences because they don't need any substitute for the creation of life itself?"

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Mrs. Langmuir is a progressive educator from Teachers College, Columbia, who feels that the most important thing college can do for a girl is to convince her that it is at least as worthwhile to be "just a wife and mother" as it is to succeed in business. Since she became head of the Department of Child Study in 1937, enrollment has risen from 90 to 250. At the Nursery School, girls learn to enjoy the day-by-day processes of living by taking an intellectual interest in the "ways of growth." A student struggling with the reiterative questions of a tired four-year-old knows she is testing theories of personality development, and she is not apt to order quiet in a cross voice, like a harried mother. A visiting psychiatrist watching one of these laboratory experiments in mothering was moved to unscientific enthusiasm: "Mrs. Langmuir," he cried excitedly, "these girls will make splendid wives."

A good many Vassar professors would disagree. They object that it takes a trained mind as well as the right emotional attitudes to be a successful wife, and they fear that the new glorification of motherhood *per se* may make students impatient of rigorous intellectual training. "It's getting," one of them hinted darkly, "so that a girl can do a term paper without a single footnote."

The only professor I talked with who sensed the ultimate danger of the New Look propaganda was retiring Joseph Folsom, a mere man who has for years succeeded in teaching a course on the family without becoming involved in the powerful campus eddies circulating around his subject.

"The theory that women are superior in human relations," he told me, his face set in a perfect deadpan, "is one that is likely to cause tension in the home."

More outspoken dissenters point out that if it is the function of a woman's college to train girls solely to be successful wives and mothers, it is hardly consistent to segregate them in a world of women during their peak mating and child-bearing years. They also observe drily that there is a school of thought that believes in "learning by doing." If the girls carried this principle to its logical conclusion there would, of course, soon be no Vassar at all. That doesn't seem likely, however. If there is one thing Vassar has always taught her students, it is not to believe everything the professors say.

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NEWER PAIN KILLERS

BY *JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.*

OF ALL the symptoms of ill health, pain is the commonest. It is usually a very useful symptom. First of all, it naturally induces a sensation of alarm or anxiety; and this sensation usually means that the person who has it will speedily do something about his ailment. Second, the kind of pain is frequently a clue to the nature of the ailment. The pain of appendicitis leads to appendectomy and to the warding off of serious complications, like peritonitis. The pain of coronary thrombosis leads, ultimately, to a regimen of rest. Without the pain, an ailment is more likely to go untreated. Doctors know from experience that disorders which are not accompanied by pain are harder to treat; the patient is less likely to follow the rules laid down for him.

But there are innumerable instances where pain must be reduced or eliminated because of the nature of the illness. For example, the patient with kidney-stone colic may be in agony while the stone is being passed, yet comfortable and free from complaints after this happens. He needs temporary relief. The patient with coronary thrombosis is similarly a valid candidate for narcotics or other pain killers. Once the frightful episode is over, he may again be reasonably well. Finally, in our present state of ignorance about some diseases, such as cancer, there are persons whose last few months must be made tolerable by pain killers, simply because no way has yet been found of getting at the primary cause of the pain and destroying that cause. In these tragic cases, it is the doctor's job to keep the patient as comfortable as possible.

In a sense, there are two fundamental methods of relieving pain. The first is anesthesia. Here, the nerve fibers that carry the painful stimuli to the brain can be interrupted at various points along their course. We may have local anesthesia, when novocain is injected close to or at the site of pain, or when ice packs are applied to a part of the body, or when the pain fibers are cut or resected surgically. We may have regional anes-

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thesia, when a more proximal point along the course of the nerve is selected. We may accomplish a block of pain at the spinal-cord level by spinal anesthesia. And finally, we may render the entire organism insensitive to pain by general anesthesia.

Yet pain killers usually mean not anesthetics, but an entirely different group of medicinal agents, the analgesics. Perhaps the simplest and best known of the analgesics is aspirin. Its effectiveness, safety, and freedom from addiction qualities, are common knowledge. But it is a weak drug: for the patient with severe pain it is hardly more effective than water. It is good for headaches and for some kinds of rheumatism, but it is not in a class with such powerful drugs as morphine, which can be used to comfort the excruciating bone pains of cancer. Patients with severe pain need either morphine or one of the newer pain-killing drugs.

Opium, from which morphine is derived, is an ancient drug, its effects having been known to the Sumerians in Mesopotamia. But it was not until 1817 that Sertürner, an apothecary at Eimbeck, Germany, extracted morphine itself from opium. He bestowed the name of *morphium* upon it after the Greek God of Dreams. It should be noted at this point that a drug's ability to cause sleep is not necessarily related to its ability to relieve pain. Some of our best hypnotic or sleep-producing medicines have only a feeble pain-relieving effect. And we need to find drugs that are effective against pain without making the patient drowsy or dopey, as morphine does.

The advantages of morphine are so well recognized by the medical profession that Sir William Osler conferred the title of "God's Own Medicine" upon it. Yet it has some serious disadvantages. The fact that it brings on drowsiness or sleep makes it valuable if the patient is nervously anticipating a surgical operation and needs to have his apprehensions removed. But it is definitely detrimental to the patient with cancer, let us say, who may have to do a day's work once his pain is quieted. Morphine may also depress respiration, which means that it is hardly an ideal drug for asthmatics or obstetrical patients. Again, morphine may have the effect of bringing on constipation.

Worst of all, morphine, perhaps more than any other drug, can lead to addiction. The Harrison Narcotic Act was passed in 1914 to control drug addictions, and to a large extent it has been successful. Pathologists are not always able to detect definite changes in the body following chronic and excessive use of narcotics, but the fact remains that they result in a deterioration in character. According to a

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definition issued by the United States Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, drug addiction is a "state in which a person has lost the power of self-control with reference to a drug and abuses the drug to such an extent that the person or society is harmed." Morphine and other opium derivatives are included under the Harrison Act, and so are all the newer pain killers. Although many of the newer morphine substitutes are less addicting, none has yet been given complete freedom from surveillance by the Public Health Service.

II

Morphine has never been synthesized, but organic chemists are familiar with its chemical formula. Hundreds of morphine derivatives have been synthesized in an effort to learn which parts of its formula ease pain, which parts cause addiction, etc. It may eventually be possible to separate its various components so that newer derivatives will be created with all of the advantages, and none of the hazards, of morphine.

Perhaps the most significant new morphine derivative is the one that is sometimes called meperidine or isonipecaine, but that is known best under its trade name of Demerol. This drug was first introduced by the Germans back in 1939, and it achieved a certain popularity in Argentina before American physicians were introduced to its virtues. It does have some advantages over morphine. It does not depress the breathing mechanism so easily, and, for this reason, it is especially adaptable to obstetrical analgesia. Pain is quieted for about three hours with an average dose, and pain arising in the intestinal tract and internal organs is subdued more easily than pain arising in bones or joints. For asthmatics, too, it is less objectionable than morphine. One of the reasons for its effectiveness is its similarity to atropine and other medicines that relax smooth muscles. Meperidine is widely, and confidently, used at present.

The question of addiction to meperidine has been the subject of considerable comment and controversy. On the basis of its chemical similarity to morphine, its addiction liabilities could have been anticipated. Yet the initial experience with meperidine was gratifying; for a while, no cases of addiction were noted except in persons previously addicted to opiates. On the basis of this limited experience with the drug, one popular science writer dubbed meperidine "God's Own Medicine — 1946," characterized its pain-fighting power as "miraculous," and added that it was equivalent to morphine "without the opiates' danger of addiction." This statement finally proved to be

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contrary to fact. Publication of this popular article, indeed, prompted H. J. Anslinger, the U. S. Commissioner of Narcotics, to warn the American Medical Association that numerous cases of addiction *had* occurred, and that the drug was not without its hazards. According to this authority, "Its addiction properties were found to be similar to morphine by the United States Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Ky., where scientific studies in this field are the best in the world." One large pharmaceutical company has recently synthesized a great many other derivatives related to meperidine in the hopes that a better product would be found. Preliminary reports indicate that one has been found which is some thirty times more powerful, at least when it is used on animals. Its addicting properties are still undetermined.

Another derivative of morphine that is receiving considerable clinical investigation is usually called metopon; its full chemical name is methyldihydromorphinone hydrochloride. The history of its development begins in 1929. At that time, with funds provided by the Rockefeller Foundation, the Committee on Drug Addiction of the National Research Council undertook a coordinated program to study drug addiction and to search for a non-addicting analgesic comparable to morphine. The principal participating organizations in this program were the United States Public Health Service, the Bureau of Narcotics, the Massachusetts Department of Public Health and the Universities of Virginia and Michigan. Metopon was one of the significant products of this investigation.

From the standpoint of the patient, metopon has the advantage that the effective dose by mouth is as good as that injected under the skin. Capsules of metopon can be taken by mouth that will produce an analgesic effect with great reliability. In this respect it is superior to both morphine and meperidine, both of which are more effective by injection than by oral administration. There are still other advantages: Many patients who need morphine are unable to take it because it may produce nausea and vomiting. Metopon is singularly free from these objectionable features. Its ability to relieve pain is at least double that of morphine, and relief lasts about as long with metopon as it does with morphine.

When it comes to addicting qualities, metopon has the potentialities of morphine, but they are less marked and slower in coming on. Furthermore, the drug is less likely to produce either the sedation or the state of sublime happiness that is usually experienced by morphine addicts. This fact

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probably means that it is less likely to cause addiction.

For almost two years now, metopon has been available to physicians for use in certain cases of chronic pain. The drug is still under restriction, and can be obtained by doctors only through specific drug channels; the filling out of detailed forms regarding the patient's history is required. In this way, complete records are being made available which will enable us to evaluate the effectiveness of metopon, and the likelihood of its causing addiction. Reports are already in on more than 2500 cases, and the experience with the drug to date indicates that it brings relief to about 75 per cent of all the patients, including even those who have had narcotics before. It has been gratifying to observe that in about the same percentage, mental clarity is not disturbed and there is no tendency to sleep. "Experience indicates," says Dr. Nathan B. Eddy of the National Institute of Health,

> that metopon stands out among morphine derivatives as an analgesic for chronic pain by oral administration, thus eliminating the disadvantages of hypodermic injection. Especially if its use is started before tolerance and dependence to other narcotics have developed, it can be reasonably expected to give adequate relief of pain almost always without side reactions of "dopiness," and to give that relief for a longer period without diminution of effectiveness by development of tolerance.

III

The problem of *tolerance*, like the problem of addiction, is one that has proved to be a stumbling block on the road to discovery of better analgesic drugs. To express it simply, tolerance is the act of "getting used to" a given medicine. A more scientifically-minded physician defines tolerance as "a diminishing effect on repetition of the same dose of the drug or, conversely, a necessity to increase the dose to obtain an effect equivalent to the original dose when the drug is administered repeatedly over a period of time."

The development of tolerance is by no means limited to narcotics. Tolerance can be developed to alcohol, benzedrine, phenobarbital, and other medicinal agents. *Habituation* carries the concept of tolerance a step further; it refers to emotional or psychological dependence on a given drug. How far tolerance can be developed for morphine is indicated by a case reported recently by Dr. T. H. Mason and Dr. W. B. Hamby of Buffalo, New York. One quarter of a grain of morphine puts most people to sleep, but they had a patient who was taking seven grains every four hours, or 42 grains daily, for relief of pain.

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This tremendous dose would be lethal under ordinary circumstances. In this case, such tolerance had been acquired over a three-year period that the patient was able to take even the 42 grains with only incomplete relief. He had to be put to sleep by the "hypo." Over a three-year period, his tolerance to morphine had increased thirty-fold.

No wonder, then, that physicians prize metopon for the fact that it has a tolerance that develops only slowly. With metopon, the effective dose does not have to be "jacked up" again and again at frequent intervals to make the patient comfortable. And if a tolerance does develop, all the doctor has to do is take the drug away from the patient for a short while. The full potency will be restored when the drug is resumed. Its superiority to morphine in this respect is unquestionable.

Unfortunately, there are a few drawbacks to wider applicability of metopon in clinical practice. Metopon is difficult to manufacture, it is rather expensive, and the amount available will probably always be limited. Furthermore, as some authorities point out, "its total addiction liability probably equals that of morphine." Metopon, which has many advantages over morphine as a pain killer, is not the final answer to the problem.

In their search for superior analgesic medicines, scientists have gone back repeatedly to their studies of the chemical formula of morphine. By altering the formula in one way or another, they have prepared a great variety of chemicals that have been tested on animals and patients. Some have proved too weak to be of much use clinically; others have been too toxic. A few, such as meperidine and metopon, have opened up whole new avenues of treatment that are hardly possible with morphine alone. Yet, during this search, scientists could not help but wonder if some other class of chemicals, totally unrelated to morphine, might not be found that would be equal to the narcotics in the relief of pain. Thanks to the German scientists during World War II, one such compound — methadone — has already been discovered, and the search for better drugs is being vigorously pursued.

To keep the record straight, even though it may be somewhat confusing to the reader, methadone goes by a variety of aliases. You may see it referred to as Methadon or Compound 10820 or as Amidone, Adanon, Dolophine, or AN-148. Officially, though, the Council on Pharmacy of the American Medical Association has christened it *methadone*. Chemically it is completely dissimilar to morphine, yet it produces almost exactly the same effects. Unfortunately, as

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Dr. Nathan B. Eddy pointed out recently, this similarity of action extends into the realm of addiction. Actual cases of addiction to methadone are few and far between, but, since the possibility of addiction exists, the drug is included under the restrictions set up by the Harrison Narcotic Act.

It may well be that methadone will prove to be one of the most significant items in the loot acquired by us in our conquest of Germany. With the cessation of hostilities, American investigators were sent to Germany to search for newly discovered drugs in the files of the huge German chemical cartel, I. G. Farbenindustrie. Methadone, it turned out, was an extremely simple compound that could be manufactured inexpensively from cheap, common chemicals. American investigators, however, were not content to distribute the drug to practicing physicians simply on the basis of German reports. They spent more than two years on laboratory and clinical research to prove to themselves that the drug was effective and safe.

As an illustration of the thoroughness of these investigations, we can cite some of the experiments performed by Drs. Eunice M. Christensen and E. G. Gross of the State University of Iowa. The doctors chose five medical students and six staff members, and sat them down in front of a machine that delivers a constant pain stimulus. Although the machine is a complicated bit of apparatus, the principle that is used in evoking pain is quite simple and easily understandable. Heat waves of constant intensity are focused through a lens against the forehead of the experimental subject. The time that it takes the subject to react (to yell "Ouch!," for example) indicates how sensitive he is to pain. This time interval, which is carefully measured by a stop-watch, is called the pain "threshold." It is about three seconds in most patients.

Obviously, the effectiveness of any analgesic drug will depend on its ability to prolong the time that it takes for the given stimulus to be felt as pain or, to state it more technically, to extend the degree to which the analgesic elevates the pain "threshold." In these experiments, the subjects were not informed as to the nature of the compounds that they were receiving; thus they were not prejudiced in their responses. Tests were made by injecting the narcotics in two ways: under the skin and into the vein. When methadone was compared with meperidine or morphine on the basis of subcutaneous injection, it was found to be approximately three times more potent than the latter and many times more potent than the former. The sedative effect of methadone was less than that of the others,

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and perhaps for that reason it is less useful as a pre-operative "hypo" than some of the older drugs. After concluding their tests on the experimental subjects, Doctors Christensen and Gross carried the research further on patients about to undergo surgery. These tests confirmed that sedation (which is not well supplied by methadone) was important pre-operatively, but that relief from pain (which is nicely afforded by methadone) is most necessary in the post-operative period. Thus, today, methadone is finding its way more and more into the practice of medicine as a drug of choice in the post-operative period and during early convalescence. It is rarely used pre-operatively.

IV

Disease in a blood vessel can often cause excruciating pain in an arm or leg. Such pains provoke anxiety and restlessness, and even undermine the general strength of the body, since they interfere with sleep as well as the patient's usual activities. In the past, doctors have often been at a loss for methods to relieve such pains. Narcotics, even morphine, are not always satisfactory. Surgical procedures, such as blocking the nerve impulse, have often proved disappointing. Injections of various sorts have been tried, and none can claim to be universally successful. Yet with methadone, doctors have found a reliable method for helping patients with many painful blood vessel disorders.

Take, for example, the experience of Dr. Roy J. Popkin of Los Angeles. This physician gave methadone both by mouth and by injection to eighteen patients with "occlusive arterial diseases." His conclusions are worth reporting in detail here. "Relief of pain was usually prompt and satisfactory," he says.

> Pharmacologic activity was apparent within forty minutes after receiving [methadone] orally or parenterally. Relief lasted as long as sixteen hours. Rest pains, pains of ulceration and gangrene, paresthesias, and nocturnal cramps were relieved. Intermittent claudication and pains of dependency and weight bearing were unaffected. A sedative action was apparent at night. Patients slept soundly and awoke refreshed. There was no euphoria. . . . There was no addiction or increase in tolerance necessitating increase in dosage.

As wonderful as methadone is, doctors are still speculating whether even better drugs cannot be found. The possible addicting qualities of methadone are indicated by the fact that to some extent it can replace morphine for the morphine addict. Because of this, it is helpful in the treatment of morphine addiction; actually, it is probably the best treatment available to date. Ac-

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cording to Dr. Nathan B. Eddy, "Methadone will substitute for morphine in a known addiction smoothly and easily and when it in turn is withdrawn the abstinence picture is milder than one would expect if morphine had been withdrawn. Methadone may produce a primary addiction. . . . The drug has definite addiction liability and should be handled with the same respect and precautions as morphine itself."

As matters stand at present, the ideal analgesic of the power of morphine has not yet been discovered. On the other hand, physicians have several narcotics from which they may choose for their patients, depending on the need of the given case. The monopoly that has so long been held by morphine and the other derivatives of opium has, at last, been broken. The magic spell of opium and the poppy is giving way to the crucibles and retorts of the modern synthetic chemist.

PHRASE ORIGINS—50

EATING UMBLE PIE: *Of course, the most popular culinary expression after the 1948 elections was "eating crow." However, a few writers placed a dish of umble pie on the menu. "To eat humble pie" was an old expression meaning to be submissive and to acknowledge inferiority. Another humble dish was a* numble pie, *a dish made of such parts of an animal as the entrails, heart, and liver. The* numbles, *a word derived from the Latin word* lumbus, *the loin, designated these lowly cuts of meat.* A numble pie *was corrupted in sound to* an umble pie. *Because of the similarity of sound, and because of the inferior quality of the meat dish, the two expressions merged.*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

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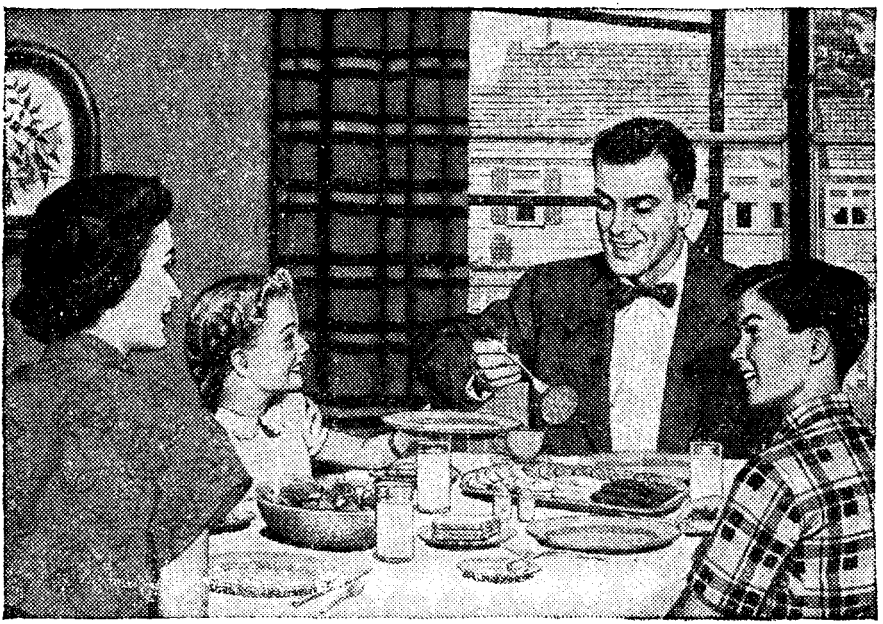

Tasty Summer Foods for Good Health

Summer meals can be both tempting and tasty, while fulfilling basic nutritional needs. Too often, however, meals are planned solely to suit family likes and dislikes without reference to the health requirements of the individuals in the family group.

Summer or winter we require a well-balanced diet—one which includes an adequate supply of proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins and minerals. These essentials for sound nutrition may be found in three groups of foods. *Energy foods*, such as cereals and bread, butter and fats, and sweets, provide fuel for daily activities. *Building foods*, including meat, fish, eggs, and milk, help to take care of growth and repair of body tissues. *Protective foods*, like fruits, vegetables, whole grain or enriched flour, eggs, and liver, are especially rich in vitamins and minerals, and help safeguard health.

Within each group there is a wide choice of foods which permits the selection of menus suited to the season of the year. Cheese and egg dishes, for example, may be particularly inviting on hot days, while heavy, fatty meats seem more appropriate during the winter. In addition, fresh vegetables and fruits, which are more available in summer, may often be substituted for winter staples.

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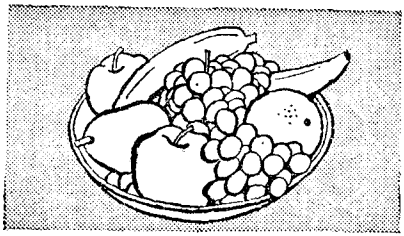
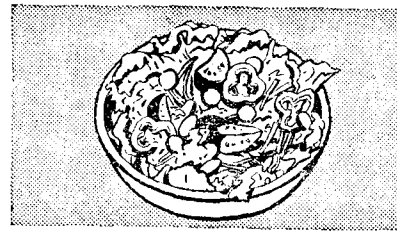
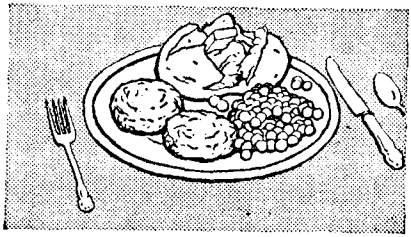


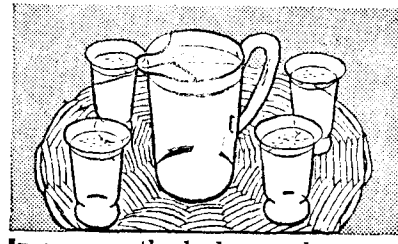
Digestive upsets are more likely to occur in summer than at other times of the year. A light diet of essential foods, including fruits, will be less apt to overburden the digestive system than a heavy one.



Raw vegetables, served in salads, are often more nutritious than cooked, for the vitamin content of cabbage, carrots and other vegetables is higher when raw. They may also make summer meals more appetizing.



One good hot meal a day in summer is recommended by nutrition experts. During the war, U. S. Army tests in the tropics showed that it was easier for overheated men to digest hot food than cold.



In summer the body may lose more than 1½ quarts of water a day. This liquid must be replaced, for it helps to assimilate food and regulate body temperature. So, one should drink plenty of liquids in warm weather.

Authorities say that eating the right foods in the right amounts usually brings a better level of health at all ages, and may contribute to a longer life. More facts about healthful eating may be found in Metropolitan's booklet, 79-L, "Three Meals a Day."

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THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

QUESTIONS WITHOUT ANSWERS

I WONDER why it is that —

(1) American actors with diction so slovenly that the mother tongue in their mouths sounds like the speech of an emigrant Polish barber nevertheless uniformly, when it comes to the two words "record" and "poem," articulate them with high-toned precision as "re-chord" and "poh-em"?

(2) The characters in American plays representing young liberals usually wear suits that look as if two extra pairs of pants came gratis with them, are given to lipping unlighted cigarettes, and reserve their political and social ideals largely for the ears of the leading ladies?

(3) Playwrights swoon with ecstasy at the sound of the word "Democracy" and would sooner die of cholera than define it in any such manner as being the theory that all men are born equal, notably in intelligence and wisdom, and that, even if they are not, they are bound to achieve those qualities if guaranteed complete independence from the influence of such as possess them?

(4) The maids in a middle-class American stage household seem never to wear garters?

(5) The moment a second-rate playwright or song writer, hitherto a failure, has a Broadway box-office hit, he feels safe in constituting himself an authority on his art and becomes condescending even to the critics who have given him good notices?

(6) A published poet may mention the moon sentimentally without criticism whereas even a first-rate musical comedy lyric writer will be derided if he does so?

(7) Even the member of a theatre audience who thinks some such pun as referring to the Tennessee city noted for its imbecile censorship as *non compos Memphis* is amusing feels it nevertheless incumbent upon him

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to shudder and dismiss it as beneath contempt?

(8) Even very bad English actors never seem to be really as bad as they are?

(9) Negro actresses, however otherwise beautiful, usually have feet that don't look right?

(10) Middle-aged white actresses with henna'd hair, however immaculate they really may be, generally look a little soiled?

(11) Whatever the nature of the stage lighting, even the smallest zipper on an actress' dress takes on the look of the Comstock lode?

(12) Of all the various animals that have figured in plays, a horse has invariably looked to be the most uncomfortable and out of its element?

(13) Though it was a rare season that at one time didn't offer a play with a character designated as "Pablo, a peon," Pablo has not made an appearance even once in the last ten years?

(14) The four piece orchestras that are now and then hired to play entr'-acte music at the dramatic shows are so seldom instructed in the nature of the play of the evening and regale the audience with such selections as "You're the Top," "Begin the Beguine" and "Dixie" for Euripides, Ibsen, and Chekhov?

(15) Lady Percy's remark to Hotspur in *Henry IV* is generally believed to refer to one of the fingers on his hand?

(16) One can usually much more readily foretell the resolution of good drama than bad and the ending of a fine drama is most often apparent whereas that of a pulp mystery play is relatively surprising?

(17) More critics do not appreciate that one of the differences between a first-rate and second-rate dramatist is that the former thinks out his characters whereas the latter simply feels them out?

(18) Though characters in plays have drunk champagne, brandy, Bourbon, Rhine wine, juleps, applejack, Montrachet, Chianti, cocktails, Madeira, sherry, ale, beer, punch, vodka, vermouth, rum, slivovitz, absinthe, gin, saki, and almost every other tipple known to Christendom, including most of the liqueurs, there has never yet in the history of drama so far as I know been one who has drunk Scotch whisky straight?

(19) Humor in criticism, however intelligent and searching, is generally looked at askance and privately deplored as corruptive of critical importance even by those who appreciate its appositeness and merit?

(20) The better and worthier plays have seldom been those which have taken advantage of the latest developments and improvements in modern stagecraft?

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(21) The vanity of the average actor is so great that he has come to regard a critic's description of his performance as "adequate" as condescending and even a bit insulting, when "adequate," were he to look up its meaning in a dictionary, means "equal to the requirement or occasion" and "fully sufficient"?

(22) No actor has ever failed to make an impression in the rôle of a drug addict or dope fiend, even when his performance has been a caricature of realistic characterization?

(23) A cold in the head is always comical on the stage, and a sneeze downright hilarious?

(24) In the plays dealing with the American Revolution no soldier has ever been shown as having carnal desires, much less demonstrating them?

(25) Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* is customarily staged as if it had been lighted by Strindberg?

(26) There is always one supernumerary in mob scenes who spoils everything by his seeming inability to restrain himself from staring out into the audience?

(27) Negro servants in plays make their exits twice as slowly as white servants?

(28) Many actresses can walk down a flight of stairs naturally but few can walk up without an air of self-consciousness?

(29) A man and a woman character who declare their intention of making a new world for themselves never go about the business where they are but invariably depart for other quarters, usually indeterminate?

(30) The proprietor of an Italian restaurant on the stage always comports himself as if he were afflicted with a benign St. Vitus dance?

(31) However elaborate a stage dinner, there never seems to be any butter on the table?

(32) A baby grand piano on the stage must always have a vase of flowers and at least one silver-framed photograph on it?

(33) An actor who has few assets other than a deep voice and who reads his lines with great deliberation, even if they should not be read that way, is generally credited by the reviewers as being one of "authority"?

(34) An actress known to be good-looking who plays a rôle which calls for her to indulge in a makeup that makes her look homely usually gets flattering notices from the reviewers, even if her performance isn't worth a nickel?

(35) Audiences will always applaud a stage setting that contains a large crystal chandelier?

(36) Music critics who on their nights off attend Broadway musical comedies sometimes praise scores which, if they were to hear them in a

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concert hall, would cause them to throw fits?

(37) Actresses famous as great personalities are chiefly those who have had or have the manners of charwomen?

(38) An actor has seldom if ever failed in the rôle of Napoleon Bonaparte?

(39) A blonde actress is never fully satisfactory as a tragédienne?

(40) One rarely if ever sees in the histories of the American theatre the name of Marc Lescarbot, who wrote its first acted play?

(41) But one critic in England, David Garnett, and but one in America, your obedient servant, has ever mentioned in the public prints the meaning of Hamlet's "country matters" speech to Ophelia and Malvolio's comments on the capital letters in the letter-reading scene, or has commented on the regular omission of one of the letters?

(42) A reviewer who writes extravagant praise of a young playwright's first produced play will never confess his over-enthusiasm when the author's subsequent plays prove he was excessive in his view of the former's talents, but will elaborately qualify his doubts in order to persuade his readers that he was not a big fool in the first place?

(43) In all the many plays in which a character has realistically mixed Martini cocktails there has been only a single instance (*Town House*) where he has remembered to put an olive, piece of lemon peel or onion into them?

(44) Stage money never looks in the least like anything but stage money?

(45) So few authorities on the American theatre seem to know that the first musical comedy written by a man of any American blood (he was part English) was *The Fashionable Lady* (1730) and that the author was one James Ralph?

(46) A highly dramatic scene, however good, in a period play which involves an actor with trousers properly several inches above his shoe tops always waywardly seems just a bit comical?

(47) Even those critics who write most rapturously about J. M. Barrie feel it necessary to do some apologizing for him?

(48) The word "resin" has not been pronounced correctly by an American actor in the last forty years?

(49) Actresses who act Shakespeare's inflammatory temptress, Cleopatra, customarily play her with such an imperious frigidity that it is a wonder Antony did not freeze to death in bed?

(50) No actor, however incompetent, who has put a putty mole on

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his cheek and adorned himself with a seedy frock coat and stovepipe hat has failed completely in impressing the critics that he was a pretty good Lincoln?

(51) It is usually overlooked in the treatises on the beginnings of realistic staging in the American theatre that a great sensation was caused simply by Mrs. John Drew's introduction of a carpet into one of the scenes in *London Assurance?*

(52) It is not known that the only two four-letter words still believed never to have been spoken on the American stage were spoken by the late Richard Bennett during the New York run of *Jarnegan?*

(53) No matter how bad the ad libbing of an actor when something goes wrong on the stage, it is sure to get a hand from the audience, which regards it not only as indicating remarkably quick thinking but as a pretty high grade of wit?

(54) Heroic characters may be given to pipes or cigarettes but never to cigars?

(55) I waste my time on such trivial stuff as this and gain a reputation for frivolity when I might be boring the reader to death and earning a fine reputation by writing instead a dull essay on "The Relation of the Aristotelian Aesthetic to the Drama of Racine and Corneille"?

SUMMER SKETCH

BY JOHN ROBERT QUINN

The lazy stream, almost
Asleep, lags far
Behind its schedule. Time
Curled up beneath a tree,
Hears only the silence rhyme
With the breath of a bee.

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POLAND: PATTERN OF SOVIET DUPLICITY

BY *NEAL STANFORD*

THIS is the story of how Poland became a Soviet satrapy. It is a review, drawn partly from official American records, of a story that has been ten years in the making. It is a case study of Soviet imperialism in the years 1939–49.

The story begins with the secret Nazi-Soviet agreement of August 1939, which split Poland into two approximately equal spheres of influence. It was this agreement which touched off World War II — for Hitler, secure now on his eastern front, attacked Poland within the week.

In a matter of days, the Polish army was destroyed, and the Nazis hurried to take over their agreed sphere of influence in the western half of the country. Moscow, concerned for its own sphere, sent the Red Army into Poland from the East. The Polish government, caught between two giants, fled to London, where it was recognized by the West — but not by the USSR or Germany. The Soviet press now announced that "Poland has ceased to exist"; and Foreign Minister Molotov summarized the campaign in these words: "One swift blow to Poland, first by the German Army and then by the Red Army, and nothing remained of this ugly offspring of the Versailles Treaty."

Having occupied their sphere of influence, the Soviets next went about arranging its annexation. A plebiscite was held, in October 1939, with the Red Army supervising the balloting. It was announced that the Poles had overwhelmingly expressed a wish to become part of Russia, and eastern Poland was incorporated into the Soviet Union. The Soviet government, aided by the Polish Communists, set about deporting Poles by the trainloads to the work camps of Siberia. More than a million of them vanished into the Siberian silence during the next eighteen months, and, in addition, some 200,000 Polish officers and soldiers were held as prisoners of war. These assaults on Poland were accompanied by repeated Soviet protestations of "non-interference in the

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internal affairs of its neighbors." While Stalin's army was still on Polish soil, his press was declaring: "Aggression and the desire to oppress smaller nations are alien to the spirit of the USSR. . . . Because the Soviet Union respects the sovereignty of other states, it does not interfere in their internal affairs."

When Hitler threw his armies against Russia in June 1941, and drove the Red Army back to the Volga, the Kremlin changed its tactics on Poland. In July 1941 the USSR recognized the Polish government-in-exile in London. It granted an amnesty to all Polish citizens in the Soviet Union. It set about forming a Polish army to fight the Germans. And it announced that "the Soviet-German treaties of 1939 concerning territorial changes in Poland have lost their validity." The Poles naturally took this to mean that the USSR again recognized the pre-1939 Polish borders. But Moscow had no real intention of renouncing the territory it had acquired in its deal with Hitler. This fact was made clear at the time that Stalin and General Wladyslaw Sikorski, the Polish Premier-in-exile, signed a friendship pact. For while the pact was being signed, the Soviets were organizing the "Union of Polish Patriots," a group of Polish Communists and fellow-travelers, headed by Wanda Wassilewska, a Communist writer. This group, organized in December 1941, was to become the puppet government of Poland. It quickly began a campaign of vilification against the London government.

II

The seeds of a Russo-Polish break were, therefore, sown almost as soon as the friendship accord was reached. Stalin's words were still conciliatory. He subscribed to the Atlantic Charter, whose signatories were pledged against any "aggrandizement, territorial or other," against any "territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned," and in favor of "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they live." Stalin declared it was his wish to see a "strong and independent" Poland emerge from the war.

But with these words there came some disturbing actions. There was, for example, the Ehrlich-Alter affair. These two prominent Polish socialists, well known for their anti-Nazi views, had been deported to the USSR in 1939. On the repeated insistence of the Polish government-in-exile, they were released. For a time, they took up relief work in the Soviet Union for their fellow countrymen. Later, they formed a Jewish anti-fascist committee, whose political orientation was friendly toward the Soviet Union.

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And then they suddenly disappeared. Their vanishing act alarmed many world-famous persons, and protests came from Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Wendell Willkie, and William Green. Inquiries as to their whereabouts at first met with silence. Finally, a year after they had suddenly vanished, the Soviet Ambassador in the United States, Maxim Litvinov, wrote to William Green that the two men had been tried and executed for "collaboration with the Nazis."

With the turning of the tide at Stalingrad, the Soviets took a new view of the Poles in their midst. Moscow suddenly announced that Poles remaining in the Soviet Union would be regarded as Soviet citizens, on the ground that they had come from territory belonging to the USSR. In this not very subtle way, the Kremlin notified the world that its claims to eastern Poland, stemming from the deal with Hitler, were still considered valid — this despite the signed repudiation of the deal in July 1941. Some of these unfortunate Poles, who had been forcibly evacuated as the Nazis pressed eastward, were told to produce visas proving they had legally entered the USSR. Many of them, who could not, of course, produce any visas, were sentenced to as much as two years in prison for illegally residing in the USSR!

But the incident that finally strained Russo-Polish relations to the breaking point was the Katyn massacre. On April 13, 1943, German officials announced that the bodies of 10,000 executed Polish officers had been found in the Katyn Forest, near Smolensk, on Soviet territory. The Nazis charged these officers had been executed by Soviet authorities in 1940.

The Polish government-in-exile had been trying since the fall of 1939 to locate thousands of officers taken prisoner by the Red Army. Washington and London had also asked Moscow for information on these captured Polish officers. On September 17, 1940, Moscow suddenly admitted that about 10,000 Polish officers had been taken prisoner. But when pressed, the Kremlin assured the West that all of them had been released.

Later, however, the Kremlin contradicted itself, admitting that it had held Polish prisoners in the neighborhood of Smolensk, and that some might have fallen into German hands. After the massacre was announced, Moscow put the blame on the Germans. It sent its own investigators to the scene, and their unanimous verdict was that the Germans had done it. The Kremlin steadfastly refused to let the International Red Cross make an investigation, though the Polish government in exile, and others, urged an impartial study of this sort. Finally,

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Molotov accused the London Poles of "slandering" the Soviet Union in believing the Russians might have been responsible. The USSR thereupon severed relations with the government-in-exile.

As the Russians advanced toward Germany, Moscow began laying concrete plans for setting up a puppet government in liberated Poland. When the Red Army, aided by Polish troops, entered Poland, Moscow acted quickly. It created a provisional government of Poland, consisting of Communists and pro-Communists from the Union of Polish Patriots. This organization was called the Polish committee of National Liberation, but it came to be known as the "Lublin government," after the city in which it was established.

III

The breach between the London Poles and Stalin was now clearly visible, but it took the Warsaw liberation attempt to point it up for the world.

This incident, referred to as "the Incredible Crime" by America's postwar Ambassador to Warsaw, Arthur Bliss Lane, occurred in the fall of 1944. The Red Army had approached to within ten miles of Warsaw, where there was a Polish underground army. This latter had been in steady contact with the Allies in London and had furnished many valuable services in the war against the Nazis.

The Soviet radio broadcast several appeals to the inhabitants of Warsaw to rise in revolt against the German garrison in order to aid the attacking Soviet army. At least one appeal was signed by the Chairman of the Committee of National Liberation, Eduard Osubka-Morawski, and by Molotov. The underground's commanders understood the danger of the project. Their supplies would last only five days, and their arms were inadequate against airplanes or tanks.

Nevertheless, the underground commanders began the uprising. They quickly seized two thirds of Warsaw, and established what General Eisenhower called later "a perfect bridgehead." But the Red Army, instead of advancing, suddenly stopped all attacks. Soviet airplanes, which had been assaulting German bombers ceaselessly from nearby bases, disappeared from the air.

Overwhelming air and tank attacks were launched by the Germans against the lightly armed Polish insurrectionists, while British and American officials urged the Red Army to come to the aid of the Poles. Stalin refused to provide any assistance. He even refused to allow the Allied air forces to set up a regular shuttle system between British and Soviet air bases. Such a system could have supplied the Poles from the air, but Stalin gave

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his assent to only two missions. Even worse, the Soviet officials now assailed the uprising as ill-timed, and blamed the London Poles for a "purely adventuristic, light-minded affair which was causing many sacrifices." No mention was made of Moscow's previous appeal for just such an uprising.

After 250,000 Polish lives had been lost, the Poles were finally forced to surrender. By his duplicity, Stalin had achieved two immediate results: the London government seemed to be discredited; and a part of the resistance element in Poland, which could have formed a bulwark against Soviet penetration, was destroyed.

By February 1945, when Roosevelt and Churchill went to Yalta, the West faced an accomplished fact. Stalin controlled Poland through the Red Army occupation and through the puppet government created in Moscow. The democracies had only Stalin's assurance to the Polish leader, Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, that Moscow had no intention of interfering in the internal affairs of Poland, and his previous declaration:

> We have not and cannot have such war aims as the seizure of foreign territories and the subjugation of foreign peoples. . . . We have not and cannot have any such war aims as that of imposing our will and régime upon the Slavic and other enslaved nations of Europe. . . . There must be no interference whatever in the internal affairs of other nations.

Roosevelt and Churchill tried to work out a Polish settlement with Stalin. The earlier Teheran agreement, promising the peoples of Europe that they could look forward to "free lives, untouched by tyranny, and according to their varying desires and their own consciences," was reaffirmed. It was agreed that the Curzon line, with a few minor variations (in Russia's favor), was to be the Russo-Polish border. Poland was to be compensated by receiving German territory. More important, Mikolajczyk and a number of other officials from the London government, and from the Polish resistance movement, were to be included in the provisional Polish government. This government was pledged to hold "free and unfettered elections as soon as possible on the basis of universal suffrage and secret ballot."

Later, at Potsdam in August 1945, after Germany had been defeated, it was decided to place German lands as far as the Oder River under Polish administration. It was agreed that the final delimitation of the western frontier of the Polish state was to be dependent upon the terms of the subsequent peace treaty with Germany. (This has not, however, prevented

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Communist Poland from taking possession of these lands, with Moscow's support, in advance of the treaty signing.) On the basis of these territorial changes, Poland lost about 70,000 square miles and gained 40,300 square miles — a net loss of 20 per cent of her territory.

In the course of the negotiations on broadening the Polish government, an officer of the Soviet Army in Poland, Colonel Pimenov, extended an invitation to several anti-Nazi Polish leaders, some of whom had participated in the underground, to meet with a Soviet general in Warsaw. In a written invitation, the colonel gave his "word of honor that from the moment of your arrival among us I shall be responsible for everything that happens to you and that your personal safety is completely assured."

After consulting with foreign diplomats and with the London government, sixteen Polish leaders set out for this meeting. They never returned. The whole world began to inquire about them, and the Soviet Foreign Ministry, through Andrei Vishinsky, denied the report that the Poles had been kidnapped. But a few weeks later, the Soviet government announced it had arrested the Polish leaders and brought them to Moscow. It was learned that the Poles had been lured into an airplane with the promise they would be flown to London. Instead, they had been flown to Moscow and imprisoned.

Accused of terrorism against the Red Army, these men were tortured and questioned continuously. They were forced to sign a "confession." Twelve of the leaders were sentenced to several years in prison. One year later, the pressure of world opinion brought about their release, though some were later re-arrested.

IV

Despite obstruction by the Communists, a provisional coalition government, as required by the Yalta agreement, was created. Final decisions were reached in Moscow, where the composition of the government was determined largely by Stalin. The prime ministry went to Osubka-Morawski, largely because it was believed that he was a favorite of Stalin's. The new president was Boleslaw Bierut, a Communist Pole who in 1939 had worked for the Polish branch of the NKVD.

Mikolajczyk became one of the two vice-premiers. He and his friends had about a third of the posts, but in practice they were all but powerless. Wladyslaw Gomulka, an old-line Communist, became the second vice-premier. The Ministry of the Interior, which controlled the police, and the important economic ministries, were assigned to Communists and their

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close sympathizers, drawn mostly from the Soviet-sponsored "Lublin government."

Before the new ministers left for Warsaw, they attended a sumptuous state banquet at which Stalin made a speech on Polish-Soviet friendship. Apparently referring to Mikolajczyk, he said: "Even at this table there are people who have doubts about the real intentions of Russia toward the Poles. These people should observe current events. Then they will find their suspicions have no basis."

When the new government arrived amid the ruins of Warsaw, the Communists, who were hardly known, were either ignored or hooted by the crowds. Mikolajczyk and other non-Communists, who had been peasant leaders for many years, received impressive popular demonstrations wherever they went. The realization that a popular vote would go against them caused the pro-Soviet elements in the government to postpone the "free and unfettered" elections for almost two years — although Molotov had promised that elections would be held in "about a month."

The Communists, who were a small minority, undertook a campaign to destroy the opposition. Their tactics were much the same as those used to seize power in Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary. Briefly, they involved controlling the police, arranging temporary deals with discontented factions of opposing parties (usually the left-wing socialists), regulating the press and radio, curtailing freedom of assembly, pressing false charges against opposition leaders — with all of these culminating in open terror and fraud during the elections.

The Communist attempts to control the other Polish parties had actually begun in 1943, when Bierut was sent from Moscow to effect a coalition of the Socialist, Democratic, and Peasant parties with the Communists. Polish politics had, until then, been characterized by a multi-party system which operated within strict parliamentary rules. The Polish Socialist party was for cooperation with the West, an independent Poland free of Soviet domination, parliamentary processes, democratic socialism through the ballot, free trade-unions, honest land reform, and, above all, political freedom and civil liberties. The Peasant party, probably the largest in Poland, had led peasant revolts even during Tsarist times, and had been one of the mainstays of resistance to fascism. Its fiery leader, Wincenty Witos, had been imprisoned by the Nazis. These two parties, as well as the more conservative Democrats, refused to merge with the Communists.

Bierut thereupon established new parties, called Democratic, Peasant and Socialist. These new groupings

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bore old party names, but they were built around a nucleus of small minorities. The ranks of these bogus parties were filled by Communist sympathizers and by Communists "on loan" from the Polish Communist Party. The original parties of these names were not granted legal status in Poland. Although Mikolajczyk was admitted to the government on the assumption that he would operate within the fake Peasant party, he soon found it impossible to work with this group. He therefore revived the original Polish Peasant party and managed to continue true to the party's old principles.

Within the coalition government, Mikolajczyk was opposed by the Communists and by their allies, the spurious Socialist, Democratic and Peasant parties. The destruction of his Polish Peasant party, whose popular support increased steadily, became the objective of the "left bloc."

Neutral observers, foreign diplomats, and Polish refugees, have since written volumes about the terror and fraud used by Communists and Soviet agents in Poland. To the Red Army in Poland there was added the activity of Stalin's secret police, the NKVD (now the MVD), which held "advisory" posts in the newly created Polish secret police, the *Urzad Bezpieczenstwa*, known colloquially as the "UB." The UB, which had 100,000 agents by 1947, directed its efforts mainly against former members of the Polish underground. Polish jails began to bulge with political prisoners. Mikolajczyk himself was shot at several times, and many members of his party were murdered. One instance received special notoriety.

In the town of Grojec, between Warsaw and Radom, a demonstration took place to free political prisoners. On December 1, 1945, four residents of Grojec, two of them members of the Polish Peasant party, were seized by the UB, though they were in no way involved in the incident. They were taken to a forest ten miles from town, stripped of their clothing, and shot. One of the prisoners, a veteran of underground war against the Germans, managed to drop just before the shots were fired, and pretended he was dead. Although wounded, he dug his way out of the shallow grave and reached Peasant party headquarters at Grojec. The party demanded that the officials guilty of this outrage be punished. Nothing was done, however, and nothing about it was published in the press, though the incident became common knowledge throughout the country.

V

Alarmed by the continued resistance of the Polish people to totalitarian tactics, the government decided on a

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show of strength before the long-awaited election. It engineered a popular vote on three questions: (1) whether Poland should have a unicameral parliament; (2) whether a program of nationalization of industry and agrarian reform should be incorporated in the constitution; (3) whether Poland's permanent frontiers should remain on the Oder and western Neisse Rivers. A vote of "yes" on all three questions would mean accord with the Communist-dominated left bloc. The government propagandized strongly for this measure. It reached such absurd lengths as driving through the streets truckloads of eight-year-old children who carried signs saying "Vote Yes Three Times," or "We Want a Single Vote."

The actual voting was relatively free from violence. Wholesale fraud did occur, however, in the counting of ballots. Communist officials ordered electoral authorities to remove the ballot boxes before the votes had been tabulated. Anti-Communist ballots were burned. In a few districts, the electoral authorities were able to count the ballots before surrendering the boxes; these results showed a high anti-Communist vote. In Krakow, for example, where the ballots were honestly counted, the government acknowledged that the voting was 80 per cent against it. Returns from 2805 districts where the count was honest showed a vote of 83 per cent against the Communists. But when the provisional government announced the official result, the count showed the reverse: 68 per cent of the people had allegedly voted in favor of the government.

The American and British governments protested the referendum frauds. The American note of August 16, 1946, said that the "methods used in tabulating the ballots . . . have given rise to serious charges of irregularities including removal of ballot boxes from polling places . . . ," and that "oppressive acts have prevented normal democratic political activity." A verbal tongue-lashing was administered by Ambassador Lane to Bierut, who stood "looking at his shoes" during the interview. It did not deter the Communists, however.

One important outcome of the referendum was that the government learned the districts where opposition to it was strongest, and it proceeded to concentrate on them. The huge anti-Communist vote apparently worried Stalin and Gomulka, the secretary of the Communist Party. Osubka-Morawski and Joseph Cyrankiewicz, secretary of the bogus Socialist party, were summoned to Moscow. Stalin demanded that the "election be won before the election." He urged that the Polish Peasant party be brought into the bloc by a promise of 25 per

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cent of the seats in parliament. Terror was to be stepped up. Finally, Stalin said, he wanted to see the results of the *real* election. "I want to see how influential you really are."

The Polish Peasant party, certain that it commanded the support of a majority of the people, refused to accept the deal. Shortly afterward, violence against it increased, and several more members were murdered. In some cities, the party was unable to function. Attempts to have the election supervised by an international body were rejected by the Communists as an interference with Polish sovereignty.

The election was finally scheduled by the Communists for January 19, 1947, in the coldest part of the winter, when travel in the rural areas is most arduous. They calculated that part of the rural population, the backbone of the Peasant party resistance, would be unable to reach the places of voting. In addition, more than 100,000 members of the Peasant party were arrested. In 10 of the 52 electoral districts, which contained a quarter of the total population, and where opposition to the Communists was strongest, the Peasant candidates were simply — and illegally — stricken from the ballot. The day before the election, in a final effort to demoralize the opposition, the Communists sent out false telegrams claiming that Mikolajczyk had been killed in an airplane accident.

For the actual voting, further confusion was planned. The voters were to cast their ballots by picking up one of six plain pieces of paper. The papers were numbered from one to six, with the numbers corresponding to particular parties. The Communist bloc was number three in the entire country, but the Peasant party number varied from district to district, so that it was impossible for Mikolajczyk to give simple instructions to his party on which number to vote for. Foreign diplomats and newsmen who managed to observe the voting procedure noted that the people who voted number three (for the Communist bloc) actually showed their ballots to the election officials. These officials made careful notes of the people who did *not* show them their ballots. They were to be dealt with later.

VI

Despite all the intimidation and coercion, it became known that in a few districts, where the Communist officials were not in complete control, the vote was strongly anti-Communist. But the general result, as announced by the government, was a crushing defeat for Mikolajczyk's Peasant party and a victory for the coalition; the Polish Peasant party, which had been offered 25 per cent of

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the seats in the government bloc, received only 8 per cent of the vote in the official count. Neutral observers believed it had actually got at least 60 per cent of the vote. The election was protested by the opposition Poles and by the American and British governments, which had promised there would be "free and unfettered elections." The American Ambassador resigned in protest. Several months later, Mikolajczyk was forced to flee Poland for his life. The government proceeded to convert the country into a model police state.

Controlling 24 million individualistic Poles has not, however, been an easy task for the régime. The Polish secret police was enlarged to 230,000 members. Intelligence sources report that one out of three government employees in Poland is a spy. The police have been reinforced by a militia of 120,000, the ORMO, and by more than 800,000 spies and informers.

Since that fateful election in 1947, all vestiges of political, social and economic independence in Poland have been disappearing. The legislative powers of the parliament have been curtailed; the country is governed by decrees, which the parliament, meeting only three months of the year, rubber-stamps. Military courts have been set up, and any Pole can be arrested on the simple charge of "spreading rumors." The spurious Socialist and Peasant parties, which cooperated with the Communists, were ordered to purge themselves of dissident members. Finally, the Socialist party disappeared altogether.

Religion also came under attack. Religious education was restricted, religious periodicals were curtailed and censored. Even the Boy Scouts did not escape. They were merged with other non-Communist youth organizations in a monolithic group called the Union of Polish Youth.

New laws have destroyed private ownership in almost all of Poland's industry and foreign trade. The independence of the cooperatives has been lost. New laws have limited the powers of labor unions by eliminating their essential functions (as had been done in the USSR). The new labor law says that, since Poland is a "people's democracy," workers have the duty of "voluntarily" increasing production — an invitation to stretch the hours of work. Strikes have been declared unconstitutional and are considered to be acts of sabotage. Workers have been frozen to their jobs — they cannot leave without permission. Each factory is supervised by the Communist Party.

Through the much-publicized land "reforms," the government is pressing toward the collectivization of agriculture. This has been done in several

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ways. In some places, land has been divided up among the peasants, but in such tiny parcels that they have been forced to throw their holdings together, and to give up individual ownership, in order to survive. Other large estates have been converted directly into state farms, on the Soviet model. To ensure the failure of individual ownership, the government has increased taxes 300 per cent on individual farmers, and has collected them in grain and other products.

These ten years, from 1939 to 1949, have been as tragic as any in Poland's long history. They opened with Hitler and Stalin secretly marking out spheres of influence, and then using their armies to occupy these spheres. They close with 40 per cent of Poland incorporated into the USSR, and the remainder a Soviet satellite. They have marked the transformation of Poland into a police state. And they provide a vivid instance of how Soviet imperialism operates.

PASTORAL

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

The step so light,
the thought so deep,
one small high song,
a hill of sheep —

what moves so high
this summer day?
The towns are near,
yet far away.

There is no thing
but herd and grass,
yet sound of sweet
breath as I pass

invades the small
mind; I am filled
with words unsaid;
like mountains, stilled.

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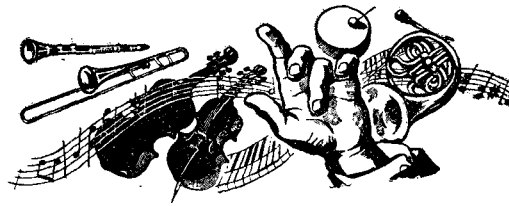
MUSIC

by SCHIMA KAUFMAN



MORTON GOULD

ASK the average concert-goer who is America's leading composer, and there will be an immediate survey of such names as Aaron Copland, Samuel Barber, Roy Harris, William Schuman, etc. Put the same question to a professional musician — either classical or jive — and the prompt answer will be: Morton Gould.

This disagreement does not mean that music, like American politics, operates under a two-party system, but that the average music-lover, like the average voter, is somewhat befuddled as to the issues. To the professional, a composer is not American merely because of birth, residence, preoccupation with native subjects, or style. Many fine composers who are American by these standards, are actually European by instinct, training and derivation.

George Gershwin was American in the musicians' sense, and Morton Gould, though somewhat lacking the former's universality of appeal, is credited with having carried the American idiom to its highest development. Gould, utilizing basic jazz elements, has evolved an individual native musical language which is not a mixture of classical and jive, but is rather jazz-become-classical. Or, more correctly, he has brought classical music up-to-date, and made it as contemporaneously American as push-button controls, the jet plane and capsuled energy.

Gould is among the three — the others are Gershwin and Copland — most played *native* composers. His works have been performed by Tos-

SCHIMA KAUFMAN, *a member of the Philadelphia Orchestra, has a musical and personal acquaintance with many composers, and he has followed Morton Gould's progress from the beginning. His* Mendelssohn *and* Everybody's Music *have been used in many colleges.*

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canini, Stokowski, Reiner, Mitropoulos, Monteux, Leinsdorf, Golschmann, Wallenstein and Fiedler, to name a few of his long-hair admirers — and by Paul Whiteman, Glenn Miller, Jimmy Lunceford, Russ Morgan and Meredith Wilson. Gould has conducted most of the major symphony orchestras, including the Boston, in his own works. He is one of the most frequently heard composers on the air, and in high schools and colleges, and his many record albums are among the best-sellers in the Columbia catalogue.

Why, then, should a composer so popular be practically out of the running when music lovers are asked to name the top American composer? The answer is that Gould is an anomaly. Even musicians, who ungrudgingly acknowledge his preeminence for the niche, are not certain in which category he belongs. The jazz player suspects him of being a "heavy." The symphony musician's suspicions are in the opposite direction. Gould, who regards himself as a serious composer working in a new field, perhaps best explains this confusion. "Whatever newness there might be in my music," he says, "is not so much a radical departure as an integration and crystallization of influences in our native musical scene. It is a distillation of the heavy and light — not necessarily one or the other."

There is another reason that Gould's following, formidable though it is, hasn't achieved the fantastic proportions of Gershwin's. Even before reaching into the concert hall with *Rhapsody in Blue*, *Concerto in F*, *An American in Paris* and his piano preludes, Gershwin was already a sensationally successful song-writer. Despite his later delving into orchestration (now said to have been done by other hands), he remained a song-writer, with the public eagerly awaiting his perfectly timed hits.

Gould is essentially an instrumental composer. When musical ideas come to him, they already have the individual *timbre*, technical idiom, and rhythmic characteristics, of the oboe, tympani, harp or other instrument. He has, in fact, pushed instrumentation so far that, like Ravel's, his reputation as an orchestrator frequently threatens to overshadow his gifts as a composer. He has written comparatively few songs (for the short-lived musical, *Billion Dollar Baby;* the motion picture, *Delightfully Dangerous*), and these went no further than most of the output of today's mute crop of "songsmiths."

His claim to fame is based on his four *American Symphonettes*, his three symphonies, his concertos, *Interplay*, *Boogie-Woogie Études* and other purely symphonic works. His more subtle art is aimed directly at listeners and

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players. It escapes the millions of parlor and shower vocalists who, by participation, can make a composer their very own.

Gould, however, may yet write "the songs of a nation." For despite a distinguished career which began more than a quarter of a century ago, he is still only 35, remarkably young for a composer.

II

Morton Gould is the only composer in American history — indeed, one of the world's only two modern composers (the other is Korngold) — who started his career as a child prodigy.

He was born of non-musical parents in Richmond Hill, Queens, on December 10, 1913. His first interest in music was aroused by a parlor mechanical piano before he could walk properly. At three, discovering that the keys could be worked by hand, he patiently noodled away at the keyboard until he had evolved his own system of fingering. He then began to grope for his own melodies, and was soon producing compositions which, though no more than sixteen bars in length, were nevertheless original and clearly defined. He was entrusted to a committee of neighborhood musicians under whom he made lightning progress. At six he had an incredible stretch of a tenth, was playing Bach and Beethoven in unsimplified versions, and could improvise on given themes in the manner which later made Alec Templeton famous. He could also boast a published waltz, *Just Six*, and a determination to be a composer "like in Grove's *Dictionary*."

Between eight and ten he spent two unsatisfactory years at a conservatory, where attempts were made to suppress his precocious talent. He then had the good fortune to attract the attention of Miss Abby Whiteside, an excellent piano teacher who had confidence in the future of an indigenous American music. Her influence on Gould was the greatest human factor in his development. Besides making him a superb pianist, one who could compete with the Lists and Kapells if he chose, she steered him to an appreciation of jazz as a dignified element of classical composition. She also directed his omnivorous reading of American writers and poets and his beginning interest in water coloring and then painting.

Young Gould soaked up all of Whitman, Melville, Thoreau, Sandburg; the older native composers, such as MacDowell, Chadwick, Converse, Foote and Gilbert. He also kept abreast of the newer spirits, including Handy, Berlin and Gershwin. He ransacked the Fifty-eighth Street Music Library for the latest

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scores of Schönberg, Stravinsky and the French "Six," and experimented with their most advanced harmonies. His long, idealistic ballets, oratorios and symphonies of this period were in the accepted forms. But they had a strange new accent that was unmistakably American. Musicians who viewed his scores in private were not a little startled by jazzed-up effects in the sacrosanct forms.

Gould's only formal studies of counterpoint and orchestration were begun, at thirteen with Vincent Jones, at the New York University School of Music. He graduated after two years and credits Jones with much that he now believes compositorially.

Already a local celebrity, Gould followed graduation with a brief lecture-demonstration tour of Eastern colleges. The youthful composer astonished the professors and undergraduates with his jazzy *passacaglias* and improvisations. His heretical utterances bowled them over. John Finley Williamson, director of the Westminster Choir, then teaching at Cornell, exclaimed: "Gould is an incredible talent!"

Gould returned triumphantly to New York. He made shorts for Pathé and record-rolls for Ampico. At public recitals, he converted themes handed to him by Walter Damrosch, Deems Taylor, and other prominent musicians, into on-the-spot compositions *à la* Beethoven, Chopin, Brahms, Debussy, Stravinsky and Gershwin. His enormous stretch, which now encompassed twelve white keys, enabled him to perform such amazing feats on the keyboard that the New York *World-Telegram* broke the thermometer with: "Gould revolutionizes the whole art of piano playing!" His publicity reached a high point at seventeen, when his piano arrangement of Ravel's *Bolero*, in which fists and arms were used to simulate percussive effects, was played by Gould on a special trans-atlantic broadcast and won the Frenchman's cabled admiration and blessing.

Unfortunately, all this *réclame* put little money in Gould's pocket. It also failed to establish him as a composer. For one thing, he was still too young to be regarded as anything but a temporary sensation. For another, the Depression was just beginning.

Gould was twenty-one before he won his first real recognition. Jules Seebach, program director of WOR, who had known him from his earliest days, sent for him and proposed a workshop which would be a sounding board for contemporary "American" music. Gould was put in charge as conductor, composer and arranger.

Music for Today made him the only composer — European or American — with his own regular radio

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program. It also made him New York's youngest conductor, and provided a rare opportunity to put his instrumental experiments to practical test. A success from the very start, it was the last cry in American trends and was eagerly awaited from week to week.

Gould composed or arranged seven interludes which took him thirty minutes to conduct and 56 hours to prepare. Many of the pieces graduated to the symphony programs of Stokowski, Reiner and Wallenstein as separate numbers, or as movements of larger works. The program lasted nine years and survived WOR's formation of the Mutual Network. By the time it had run its course, Gould was looked upon as the white hope of American music and as a composer "like in Grove's *Dictionary*."

The popular Cresta Blanca program, a commercial, succeeded *Music for Today*. Gould made the most of this opportunity by composing special numbers for such guest soloists as Iturbi, Melchior, Szigeti and Levant. *American Concertette* and *Boogie Woogie Étude* were written for Iturbi, who scored a great success with the latter, recording it and the final Blues movement of the *Concertette* for Victor. The *Concertette* was also adapted for ballet by Jerome Robbins and re-titled *Interplay*. It has since been re-adapted by Gould for his own use as a solo vehicle. When Cresta Blanca moved to CBS, Gould went with it, but left after two years to accept the *Delightfully Dangerous* assignment in Hollywood.

Today Gould is practically a one-man industry. He composes a great deal for student groups, directs the affairs of his own publishing house (set up for him by Chappel, Gershwin's former publisher), and appears as guest conductor and piano soloist throughout the country. He also has his own touring orchestra, and records his own music and his arrangements of popular tunes. All of these activities bring him one of the biggest incomes in present-day music. Which is fortunate, for, though they have also brought him accusations of commercialism, he is able to meet the bills of his serious compositions, which so far still have an annoying tendency to lose money.

III

Arriving at Gould's status in world music is an involved procedure. One cannot measure him indiscriminately against *all* composers, since even many of the famous dead ones — Berlioz, Tchaikovsky, Dvořák, Bruckner, Mahler, Respighi, etc. — are still subject to constant re-evaluation. To reach a fair estimate, he can be compared only with the leading contem-

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poraries of other countries, all of whom are older than he, and then by singling out those who have worked in a new idiom. On top of this, it is necessary to take into consideration the fact that, for various reasons, not one major composition of a native composer has yet been accepted in the "standard" repertoire of symphony orchestras.

Compared with Richard Strauss (Germany, born 1864), most of whose important works (*Don Juan*, *Tod und Verklärung*, *Till Eulenspiegel*, *Don Quixote* and *Ein Heldenleben*) were written before or near Gould's present age, Gould is crushingly dwarfed. Strauss started as a classicist but passed through successive stages of modernism. His 50-year head start cannot be chalked up as an advantage over the 35-year-old Gould, for his works caught on immediately and only recently have some failed to re-appear on programs. (The *Domestica* and *Alpine* symphonies never achieved real popularity.)

Alongside another octogenarian, Jean Sibelius (Finland, born 1865), Gould fares a shade better. All of the gloomy Finn's seven symphonies, composed between 1899 and 1924, have drifted into the repertoire, but only during the last quarter of a century. However, merely the First and Second, conceived in the romantic tradition, are repeated year after year. The infrequent performances of the others, particularly the highly individual Fourth and Fifth, are not greeted with unalloyed pleasure.

Igor Stravinsky (Russia, born 1882) began as a wildly dissonant *avant gardist* and wavered between that and "neo-classicism" with tremendous loss of impact. He also towers over Gould, as does Serge Prokofieff (Russia, born 1891). The former wrote his best music, the three great ballets, *The Fire-Bird*, *Petroushka* and *Le Sacre du Printemps*, at the respective ages of 28, 29 and 31. Prokofieff composed his universally admired *Classical Symphony* at an even earlier age, 25. Gould has so far no major opus to equal any of these works, either from the standpoint of popularity or æsthetic value. (The ubiquitous Pavanne, from *American Symphonette No. 2*, is disqualified as a single movement.)

Professional opinion gives Russia's former *enfant terrible*, 42-year-old Dmitri Shostakovich, only a slight edge on Gould, who, unlike the Russian, steadily improves. Despite all the hullabaloo over his later works, musicians still regard Shostakovich's *First Symphony*, written at seventeen, as his best. From that until his recent *Ninth*, he has become progressively more diffuse, blatant, long-winded and even vulgar, a fault that cannot be laid at Gould's door.

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Ralph Vaughan Williams (England, born 1872), a first-class talent who is infrequently heard in this country, belongs to the old school. He is a sensitive artist whose music seems almost bloodless next to the eager vitality of the American's. His failure to make any appreciable headway with the public should place him a cut below Gould. Carlos Chavez (Mexico, born 1899) also trails Gould. Arnold Schönberg (Austria, born 1874) and Paul Hindemith (Germany, born 1895), both developers of individual systems and admittedly greater craftsmen than the developer of the American idiom, seem, at the moment, to be getting nowhere.

According to the above, Gould stands closer to the bottom of the list than to the middle. Nevertheless, his showing is quite good, considering the stature of the men he has been measured against and the comparative youth of native composition.

Gould's promise, however, is greater than his present achievement. To be sure, he has already achieved preeminence in a new æsthetique. But he has yet some distance to go before attaining mature mastery over it. The structure of his larger works could stand tightening, especially the symphonies which, in addition, somewhat lack completeness of expression. Too much facility also leads him to occasional inconsistency in selection and creative discipline.

The hopeful augury of the future is based on the stubborn persistence which has caused Gould to advance further steadily. This development is notable when one compares the *Spirituals for Orchestra* (1941), in which he first consciously integrated the popular folk pattern with a novel symphonic texture, and the virtuosic *Concerto for Orchestra* (1944), one of his best works æsthetically, in which the idiom was pushed to a higher and better — though still imperfect — structural plane. The *Third Symphony* (1947), premiered in Dallas and provided with a new fourth movement before its performance by the New York Philharmonic in October 1948, has carried him furthest along the route he has yet come.

Indeed, Gould's lifelong conviction as to the fundamental rightness of his path has been vindicated by the desertion of many able composers from the devitalized European tradition. Not only in America, but in Europe also, composers are climbing on the "American" bandwagon as once they did on the now stalled atonal (no fixed key) and dodecuple (12-tone scale) systems.

And Gould, the anomaly who never belonged to any musical clique, now finds himself the fountainhead of one peculiarly his own.

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THE COUNTERFEITING BUSINESS

BY *FREDERIC SONDERN, JR.*

Not long ago, through a dense wood in the hills behind Marseilles in the south of France, a formidable police raiding party stealthily closed in on an old hunting lodge. A whistle shrilled, the men darted forward, and the massive front door crashed open under the impact of powerful shoulders. Counterfeiter Louis Bertillo, in a room crowded with photographic and printing equipment, started up to face a dozen guns. He had just been applying ink to a lithographic stone, ready to turn out a batch of $20 United States Federal Reserve Bank notes. Under sacks of chicken feed in the cellar, the police found $2 million in high-grade American counterfeits. A few minutes later, two cars full of master-printer Bertillo's associates returning to the lodge ran into a police ambush. The *gendarmes* snapped handcuffs on ten of the most dangerous gangsters in Europe.

With the French police were two agents of the United States Secret Service. It was the end of an unusually difficult case which had led Agents Sorrels and Whitaker all the way from Washington through the intricate underworlds of Paris and Marseilles to the hunting lodge — where, just in time, they had been able to frustrate one of the greatest conspiracies ever aimed at the American dollar. One of the gangsters, recovering from the stunning capture, wanted to know who the two Americans were. "They are of the American Secret Service," a *gendarme* told him. "It was not wise of you to disturb the American money. They reach far, those ones — and quickly."

The Secret Service Division of the Treasury Department has to reach far and quickly these days. The age-old business of counterfeiting American money, formerly an almost entirely domestic problem, has become international since the end of the war. The American dollar is the favorite security of the harassed European. Refugees, businessmen, international racketeers — all pay premium prices for our greenbacks in the

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Continental black markets and are perfect targets for the fake money men.

At the same time, our domestic racketeers have gone back into the business in a big way. In 1946 only about $65,000 in fake bills appeared. In 1948 the Secret Service seized more than $3 million in bogus money — their largest haul in modern times. The Service sees a battle ahead.

Every few days, in the office of Chief U. E. Baughman in the Treasury Building in Washington, samples of counterfeiters' work arrive from Secret Service field offices. Each of the fakes is carefully examined by the Service's experts and by the laboratory of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Whenever a new product appears, the composition of the paper, the printing technique, and the mistakes which the counterfeiter has made — he always makes some — are tabulated. The digits in the serial number of a new fake $5 bill are a little out of line, the Treasury seal is slightly blurred, and President Lincoln's nose is crooked. A circular describing the counterfeit goes to banks and merchants' organizations all over the country. And as thousands of tellers and cashiers are alerted, the Service itself starts the machinery which puts the counterfeiter behind bars.

The tracking of these slippery, astute criminals takes time, skill, and unusual patience. They work in remote cellars. Their distribution chains are guarded by watchful sentinels. It is not enough for the Service to catch a passer of counterfeits; they must work back from him to his dealer, and from there to the syndicate that finances, and the craftsmen who produce, the "queer."

II

The Secret Service is one of our oldest Federal law enforcement agencies, with a long and brilliant history. It was founded at the close of the Civil War to combat the wave of counterfeiting started by Confederate agents that threatened to destroy the monetary system of the Union. Its jurisdiction is limited to the protection of U. S. currency, bonds and other obligations from forgery and fraud, and the guarding of the President and his family.

Secret Service men have an almost supernatural reputation in the underworld. They can trail the most apprehensive subjects through crowded city thoroughfare or country lane, on foot or in a car, without being noticed. Another specialty is undercover work — "roping," as they call it. A good agent must be able to transform himself into a convincing crook. He must know the talk of the underworld, the habits, the whole complicated psy-

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chology and *modus operandi* of the habitual criminal. His life may depend on his ability to fit himself into any situation, no matter how unusual, and to play any rôle that may be expedient for him to assume — from embezzling bank clerk to murderous longshoreman. Despite the hazards of the work, no Secret Service agent has been killed in line of duty in the last 25 years. The Service is proud of that. "We try to get men who can take care of most any job that comes along," one of the Service's executives told me.

The case that ended so dramatically in the old French hunting lodge began in September 1947, in Washington. For several weeks, banks along the eastern seaboard had been sending in to the Service 10, 50 and 100 dollar counterfeits of a quality so high as to be deceptive to even the most experienced tellers. Analysis and comparison showed that they all had certain characteristics in common; the paper and ink indicated that they were made in Europe. They had already caused untold misery. Refugees coming to the United States had bought them on the Continent with their last savings, only to find on their arrival here that the treasured, crackling paper which was to guarantee them a fresh start in the New World was worthless. The Prefecture of Police in Paris, and Scotland Yard in London, reported the same type of counterfeit. The Chief had an idea that the bogus bills were being made in France.

A few days later, agents Forrest Sorrels and Albert Whitaker introduced themselves to Inspector Louis Poirier in his office at the Paris *Prefecture de Police.* The engaging, courteous Frenchman was delighted to cooperate with his American colleagues but horrified over the plan they proposed. The Paris gangsters since the war, alas, with both Gestapo and Underground experience behind them, had become formidable criminals who no longer worked with knives but with machine guns. The agents insisted, however, and Monsieur Poirier made the necessary arrangements. Sorrels and Whitaker, as Americans of doubtful character who had left New York in a hurry and were interested in making a quick franc, began to circulate in the side-street cafés in which the Paris underworld does its business.

The two Americans established themselves as reliable colleagues among the narcotics and counterfeit-peddling fraternity. Shifty-eyed little men with cigarettes dangling from their lips sidled up to them and began making sizable propositions. Before long, Sorrels and Whitaker had arranged to buy some of the bogus banknotes they were tracing. In the course of the ensuing business conversations,

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they gathered that the source of the counterfeits was a dangerous gang of Corsicans based near Marseilles.

At the same time, Inspector Poirier had good news. A terrified Parisian printer had told the police how he had been forced by a gang of Corsicans, under threat of death, to let them use his machinery to counterfeit American bills. Then, one day they packed up his plant — at pistol point — and vanished with it. The printer supplied another lead. His assistant, an excellent mechanic, had gone with the gangsters but had left his wife behind in Paris. Sorrels and Whitaker discovered that the woman was keeping in touch with her husband through the General Delivery of a Marseilles post office. By sending a telegram in her name saying that she was ill, they lured the mechanic to Paris and had him whisked into police custody. He broke under questioning and told of the gang's headquarters near Marseilles. They had already committed several murders in connection with their counterfeiting activities. They had plans for flooding Europe with millions of fake dollars. A few days later, the eleven gangsters were safely behind bars.

III

Secret Service headquarters in Washington was pleased, and the Secretary of the Treasury told Sorrels and Whitaker on their return from France that they had done a "good job." The Secret Service remains one of the least publicized of the country's police agencies. When the Service breaks a case, it usually gives most of the credit to the local police, no matter how little they had to do with it. Official press releases from the Washington headquarters, terse and bare of detail, are the newspaperman's despair. "Chicago agents," says a recent official report, "captured a complete plant for the manufacture of $20 and $50 bills and arrested four persons who planned to turn out a fortune in counterfeits. All four are awaiting prosecution." That's all.

In New York and Chicago — traditional headquarters of the fake money men — there are underworld syndicates which will supply a counterfeiter of reputation with paper, ink, presses and the other equipment he needs, and furnish the outlets for his product on a percentage basis. For a counterfeit of exceptional quality, the maker may get $35 for bills with a face value of $100. From $7 to $15 is standard, however, for the average "queer." The syndicate charges its "dealers," the wholesalers of the business, two or three times that. And the dealers in turn make a profit from the "passers" who actually foist the bogus money on the public.

One of the first rings that turned

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back to counterfeiting after the war was the Soroka gang of New York and New Jersey. They were smashed by a typical, smoothly working Secret Service operation in only three weeks, before they could pass one fake bill.

Late in 1946, the far-flung network of information which the Secret Service maintains in the underworld brought word that "Jersey Joe" Soroka and a gang of hoodlums were negotiating a big bogus-money deal with a Newark printer who had long been suspected by the Secret Service — the Treasury keeps unobtrusive but careful watch on unusually skillful printers and engravers. An agent stationed in a distant field office of the Secret Service was detailed to the case as "Mr. Caselli" — a dealer in narcotics, and a tough customer.

Caselli arrived in New York and began to circulate in the midtown hangouts frequented by "the trade" in narcotics, fake money, and allied industries. He was subjected to penetrating examination by underworld sentinels, but passed muster without trouble. His credentials were impeccable, he apparently knew the right people on the Pacific Coast, and he was an alumnus of a Federal penitentiary. Caselli finally reached "Jersey Joe" Soroka, who was delighted when the evidently wealthy Westerner expressed interest in counterfeits. Soroka showed his new friend a sample of the $20 bills which the Newark printer was already turning out. Caselli decided to buy a large number. And Jersey Joe said he would consult his "associates" to work out a deal.

Without knowing it, Soroka was surrounded by an invisible cordon day and night. Every move he made was watched by unobtrusive shadowers. Gradually, the identity and organization of the syndicate took shape. This is the sort of period of watchful waiting that makes many an agent gray before his time. One incautious word, one slip, can make the case evaporate. Caselli's almost did when Jersey Joe's associates urged him to check up on Caselli more thoroughly.

And then the agents pulled off one of those beautiful flim-flams that seem sheer magic to the underworld. At his favorite hangout, Soroka had begun to ask around about Caselli. "Don't know much about Caselli myself," an undercover man of the Service told Joe. "But there's a big shot in from the Coast who knows him from 'way back. I can take you to him." Soroka went. The Big Shot was impressive. Sitting in solitary splendor in a fashionable bar, he treated Jersey Joe with disdain. When he condescended to speak, he was laconic but Saroka listened respectfully as the great man confirmed Caselli's reliability. Of course the Big Shot was also a Secret Service agent.

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The agents had a few more nervous moments while Caselli and Soroka haggled over the purchase of $100,000 in counterfeits. They finally agreed on a price of $7800. Joe wanted the payoff to be made in his apartment. Caselli insisted on his mid-town hotel. The agent knew that Soroka was handy with a gun, and planned the arrest where Secret Service men could observe the transaction and close in quickly enough to prevent any shooting. The persuasive Caselli won out. As Jersey Joe, having exchanged a carton of counterfeits for a wad of real, marked money under the eyes of a number of unobtrusive loungers, walked happily away, Secret Service men and New York detectives suddenly converged on him. He tried to run for it, but a flying tackle brought him down. Elsewhere, other agents were springing their traps on members of the gang, their printer, and their distributors. Within a few days the Soroka syndicate was behind bars, the skillfully engraved plates found, and the government's case was complete.

IV

A few years ago, bogus $5 bills began to show up in Philadelphia and neighboring cities with alarming frequency. Philadelphia detectives traced a number of the passers to an Italian gangster, Herman Petrillo. Posing as a tough trigger man from Chicago, a Secret Service agent impressed Petrillo almost too favorably. After a few weeks of association, Petrillo wanted him not for counterfeit passing — that was kid's stuff, he said — but as his chief assistant in a murder ring. The gangster, in fact, had an immediate job for him. A certain wife wanted her husband put out of the way. A fatal hold-up, Petrillo thought, would be the right technique. Stalling desperately, the agent tried to devise a plan to protect the unfortunate man. As it happened, the impatient wife took the matter out of his hands. She killed her husband with arsenic and was promptly arrested for murder. The agent remained in Petrillo's favor and, after many nerve-racking hours with the gangster and his henchman, at poker parties and planning sessions, he wormed out most of the murder-counterfeit syndicate's secrets. Finally, he had the satisfaction of seeing some of them to the Death House and the rest to long prison terms. Petrillo, at his trial, kept staring incredulously at the government's chief witness. "To think," he kept muttering, "that I had that guy at the end of my gun all that time."

Such work by undercover agents has broken some of the Service's most spectacular cases, but most counterfeiters have to be caught by less dramatic and more tedious meth-

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ods. A case in Chicago last year is a good example. At the roadside stand of an Illinois farmer a man and woman in a sleek convertible stopped to buy a turkey. They paid with a $20 bill. The farmer weighed the bird and made change, which the man stuffed into his pocket. Suddenly, the farmer's mother, who was helping him, sensed something wrong. Even rich city people didn't buy expensive poultry without watching it being weighed, and didn't cram that much change into their pockets without looking at it. The $20 bill looked and felt all right, but the warning bell in her mind kept ringing. Remembering a Secret Service circular posted in the local bank, she scribbled down the convertible's tag number as it streaked off. The $20 note was a counterfeit and the bank informed the Chicago office of the Secret Service.

This was the break that the Chicago field office had been hoping for. Deceptive $20 bills had been circulating in the Middle West for some time, but the Secret Service had been unable to get any kind of line on the manufacturer. Underworld informants knew nothing, and not a single passer had been identified. Now, at least, the agents had a suspect to work on.

A "close surveillance" of the convertible's driver, George Kanakes, began. A squad of Secret Service men passed him like a football from one shadower to the next. Within a week, it was clear that Kanakes was not only a passer but probably a dealer as well. And the agents, who have a feel for a criminal's personality, thought that he was the kind of man who would crack under questioning. They arrested him and found that they were right. Kanakes told all he knew about his supplier and offered to help catch him. Kanakes ordered a supply of counterfeits; Mike Aretos, the principal dealer of the fake money syndicate, delivered them; and Secret Service agents were on hand. But there the agents' luck ended for a while. John Brennan, expert lithographer, and syndicate boss Joe Moschiano sensed something wrong and broke off all contacts with their gang. Long days and nights of complicated trailing, watching, and waiting followed before the Secret Service men found the location of the counterfeiting press and were sure that they could pounce when the two principal conspirators had fake bills in their possession. But finally the agents were ready. They arrested the lithographer, who confessed. Another raid trapped Moschiano. He protested his innocence, but the Secret Service men went directly to a cleverly concealed panel in the wall of his garage where $300,000 in counterfeits were hidden. Another $300,000 was rounded up from other members of

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the gang, which was preparing to print and distribute millions more.

No counterfeiter in modern times has been able to imitate exactly the work of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The Bureau has manufacturing techniques that simply cannot be copied. The paper for our currency is made according to a secret formula by a mill whose product has never been duplicated. The plates from which the bills are printed are composites of the work of a dozen highly trained and skilled specialists. There is only a handful of artist-craftsmen alive — and most of them work for the Bureau — who can engrave correctly the portraits of the Presidents on the original dies from which these plates are pressed. Complicated, ponderous, and expensive geometric lathes and other machinery are needed to cut the intricate border patterns. The printing is done on specially designed presses. After the serial number of the bill and the Treasury seal has been added by other equally elaborate machines, each note is inspected to see that it has not a single defect.

Counterfeiters — who could never obtain such equipment, even if they could afford it — have tried every possible reproduction method. But none can match the Bureau product.

Despite this, during the thirties counterfeiting rose to a dangerous high.

Then the Treasury started a "Know Your Money" campaign and Secret Service agents stumped the country with booklets and illustrated lectures in schools, clubs and banks. Within a year, the counterfeiting business was crippled. People had begun to look at their money intelligently. Cashiers had sample ones, fives, tens and twentys of real money under glass near their cash registers. A quick comparison usually shows the faults of the average counterfeit — wrong color, faulty numbers, poor detail. Passers were identified and leads poured in on the Secret Service field offices. The agents took care of the rest. One after the other, with the public's cooperation, the big gangs were traced and put behind bars.

But during the last ten years most of us seem to have fallen into our old habit of accepting bills with carefree assurance that they are genuine. Makers of the "queer" have been quick to take advantage of our negligence. For our own protection we would do well to remember the Treasury's warnings and thus assist the men of the Secret Service in their difficult and dangerous job.

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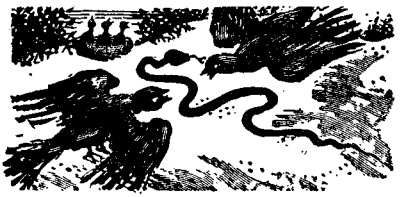
DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



NATURE-FAKES *(OR ARE THEY?)*

THERE is nothing that a naturalist wants less to have happen than to find himself on the receiving-end of the epithet, "Nature-faker!" Ever since President Theodore Roosevelt, some forty years ago, invented the opprobrious term and publicly hurled it from the White House at the heads of certain popular nature-writers of the day, "nature-faker" has been by far the most damaging and dreadful name with which a naturalist can be smeared.

By "nature-faker" the rambunctious Roosevelt meant a naturalist who falsified the facts about animals, and tricked them out and generally whopperized them, in order to make his writings livelier reading. A nature-faker might sometimes just be a credulous duffer who swallowed with open-mouthed delight every backwoods trapper's tall tales and passed them on to his readers as certain fact; or he might be a more active sort of sinner, who knew well enough that he was palming off frauds but went wilfully ahead anyway because of a Barnumian realization that people love to be hornswoggled. Either way, a nature-faker was obviously a low form of life.

When TR's roar of "nature-faker!" exploded from the White House it caused a stunning commotion. Several picturesque naturalists' reputations were smashed beyond repair, and several nature-writing careers silenced forever. A number of high-placed scientists, of the most austere orthodoxy, joined the Rough Rider in a far-flung heresy-hunt, ruthlessly tracking down every naturalist who might once have said something a little fantastic about a porcupine or a partridge and battering him without mercy. It was impressed upon the fraternity of naturalists that they had better everlastingly watch their step,

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and not go having their animals do any queer or improbable or over-colorful things, or at any moment the terrible cry of "nature-faker!" might ring out, and that would be that.

Today the "nature-faker" threat still hangs as powerfully over naturalists as it did when TR first rolled the words off his tongue and bared his teeth and flashed his glasses. For a naturalist to get a reputation as a nature-faker has about the same effect on his standing as for a doctor to get a reputation as an abortionist. The editors of the scientific magazines won't touch his work, or even mention his name, unless to snort at it. The clubs of nature-lovers hasten to banish his books from their shelves. What happens to his personal pride, of course, is ruin. For just as every doctor starts his career with allegiance to the oath of Hippocrates, so does every naturalist start with a high and burning devotion to "the truth of earth." Let it be believed that he has betrayed that, and the whole structure of his self-respect is broken.

Now, all this high-minded horror of nature-faking, of course, has had one very good effect. Fifty years ago many nature-writers *were* outrageously inventive, or outrageously complacent about passing along the whopper they had heard from Six-Drink Charley, the Chippewa moose-hunter. Too many naturalists were doing a dishonest business in yarns about bears that could solve geometry problems and wolves with a higher I.Q. than an atomic physicist. The "nature-faker" threat has brought about an ending to all that.

But the "nature-faker" threat has been of such dread power that it has also brought about a result much more far-reaching: to wit, such a cowing and subduing and intimidating of naturalists, such a shivering-in-the-boots among them, that if they do see something astonishing happening in the woods they don't dare mention it, and if they hear a strange yarn from a trapper they cannot admit that they might even like to investigate the possibility of its being true. If a naturalist these days sees a crow or a fox doing something outstandingly arresting and suggestive, he tries nervously to forget the thing as fast as possible. Tell his friends? Write it into a story? Why, one whisper of "nature-faker!" and his career might in an instant lie in ruins.

I think it is too bad.

II

Every naturalist with extensive field experience knows that animals *do* do some very strange and odd and provocative things: things that show queer canniness, things that show subtle and mysterious senses at work, things that carry all sorts of challeng-

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ing and suggestive hints about the unexplored depths of animal powers and personality. We know very little about what goes on inside animals' consciousness. It is not possible for us, even by the most passionate effort of the instructed imagination, to enter fully inside an animal: to see with its eyes, hear with its hearing, feel with its feelings, and experience the life-adventure after its mode of experience. But we do know that animals' measurable senses are fantastically vivid — (a bee can reckon the passage of time as precisely as a watch; a rattlesnake can detect temperature-change of less than two-tenths of one degree Centigrade; a pigeon can note the widening or narrowing of an angle when we cannot see any change at all) — and we do know that the only animals with which we have really been closely intimate, our dogs, are constantly showing us how full of curious lores and wisdoms an animal personality can be. Add to these fragmentary knowledges of ours the hundreds — no, the thousands — of extraordinary things that hunters and trappers say they have witnessed in the woods, and the things that naturalists see but don't dare mention, and it begins to look suspiciously as though there might be rather more to animals than the "nature-faker!" shouters have surmised.

As a naturalist, I have felt this for years. I have felt it so strongly that long ago I began letting it be known that if any woodsman had a strange tale to tell he would find me a fair-minded listener, and if any scientist cared to whisper into my ear his unmentionable observations or his heretical theorizings his name would remain forever safe-locked in my bosom. I have plied fellow naturalists until they have broken down and told me in confidence the "impossible" thing they once saw an old 'coon do; and I have corresponded not only with hundreds of Chippewa Charleys but with a world-wide assortment of college presidents, bishops, half-breed guides, doctors, lawyers, housewives and every other sort of person up to and including a late Viceroy of India, each with some animal observation to relate that was too strange to be respectable.

The result is a classified file that holds, at the moment, a little over eighty thousand items.

Here in this bulging five-tier dossier are accounts of every sort of wildlife from ducks to dogfish: first-person accounts that say "on thus-and-such a date, at this given place and hour, in the company of so-and-so, I saw a mallard do the following thing." Here are affidavits and notarial seals by the bushel. Here are clouds of witnesses. And here are the confidential documents (duly so marked) from scien-

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tists who, except in such circumstances of sure privacy, keep up a front of the most unyielding orthodoxy. "Frankly" — I quote from one of their letters — "the concept of 'instinct' is greatly overworked. All living creatures have their special senses and their special developments of intelligence, and we know precious little about them." That is on the letterhead of one of the greatest scientific institutions in the mid-west, and the author has enough letters after his name to testify to a lifetime of scientific devotion. Or here is this one, from an august savant of the Smithsonian who has trusted me: "We human beings seem to have a generalized reasoning capacity that animals do not have; but that is no reason for supposing that animals in their own way, for the purposes of their own lives, may not have gifts as extraordinary. Why, I remember once when I was in Alaska . . . ," and the distinguished old D.Sc. goes on to tell a strictly-secret story which, if Six-Drink Chippewa Charley had told it around the campfire, would have got him laughed out of his moccasins.

III

Animals cannot do algebra, or read or write or understand a syllogism; and nobody wants to go back to the bad old days when some falsifiers pretended that they could. The consciousness of a 'coon is not the consciousness of an expert mathematician or an intricate philosopher. We all know that.

But ——

An animal, all the same, is a living personality: a personality with many a subtle sensing, animal-wise, and many a learning, and many a competence and canniness, in its own animal world and way. Dogs are notorious dunces in mastering laboratory mazes and dealing with psychologists' puzzle-box problems; but a trail-dog, when it comes to trailing, is something very like a genius, and a dachshund old-timer in a woodchuck burrow can be a breathtaking tactician. A horse thinks no thoughts upon astronomy. Of course not. That is outside the province of horse-sense. What horse-sense *can* do, though, is for instance to detect the blindness of a fellow horse, and to devise a hundred subtly sympathetic strategies for helping the handicapped one around the pasture, more skillfully than any learned astronomer could do it. No dog can read a book. But what a dog can read is the landscape, examining it in the light of a whole dog's-life of landscape-learnings and with the aid of a smell-sense so exquisite that it can detect the presence of iodoform in a solution of one part to four million. No dog can understand a

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manual of strategy. But every country dog-owner knows with what understanding a pair of dogs can join together to catch a rabbit by beautifully subtle teamwork.

Animal personality, with its lively feelings, its sensitivities, its acquired learnings and cunnings, and undoubtedly its modes of experience that are outside our experience altogether, is a thing full of challenge, dramatic possibility and wonder.

It is not as though only Chippewa Charley, a-blaze with fire-water, ever saw an old fox fool the hunter by running away ahead of him and then circling back and trotting securely at his heels. It is not as though only gaffers yarning around the cracker-barrel ever reported a skunk, hurt or in trouble, seeking out man for help and patiently submitting to painful handling without loosing a stench. The things that hint at queer depths in animal personality, strange sensings and startling gleams of special intelligence . . . these things, of a thousand kinds, are reported by observers in the thousands. These things are seen, and in confidence recounted, by naturalists.

We who are naturalists have been living a long time now — more than forty years — in terror of being called nature-fakers if we adduce or even admit the enormous evidence to indicate what a remarkable, and what an incompletely charted, thing the living animal personality can be. I think it is too long. I think the good that may once have been accomplished by the "nature-faker!" denunciation has been over-balanced. I move for a candid acknowledgment of what should never have been disavowed: that the whole of truth has not yet been found, even about the sensings in a chipmunk, even about the knowings in a beaver, and is not likely to be for several millenniums.

I move that "nature-faker!" go out of the language, to join "nigger-lover!" and "no Popery!" and similar ugly cries of narrow and particular viewpoints. I move for a large unprejudice and a certain humility, as we undertake a long, long look at those fellow-psyches of ours, the animals, and consider all the evidence, and think some long, long thoughts about it. I urge on naturalists a courage to concede, as a good old "faker" like Seton was defiant to shout, that they see some mighty odd things down in the swamp-hollow and up in the hemlock-grove.

TR has been dead these many years; the fierce, prim orthodoxy of some laboratory and museum scientists has possibly relaxed a little; but still what I have said here, in exhorting fellow-naturalists to honesty about the extraordinariness of animal per-

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sonality as they see it in the field, can get them into nasty trouble. It were a cowardice, in the circumstances, not to be eager to share it. Very well.

A few paragraphs back I mentioned a tall tale about fox-strategy, and an allegation about what looks like a sort of "understanding" by skunks in trouble. Both things were nailed as nature-fakes a year or two before I was born. Both things, not once but several times, have come under my personal experience.

TO A HILL BOY GROWING UP

BY ELMA DEAN

When the whip in the blood lies quiet and the days
Come single, dawn to sunset, you will live
Without pushing aside the Now — will surely give
Some time to counting all our hill's good ways:
How pleasant after the first long-waited rain,
At summer's end, the coast's expected greening —
Ridge above ridge, and the tall blue mountain leaning
On sky, a sure thing there to keep us sane.
Whatever the world did, warblers came to spend
The winters in our pine trees; thrushes stopped
For the wild red berries and the seeds they dropped
Made berries for new thrushes, years without end.
Remember these and the small leaf-shakers, the fast . . .
And all the live earth-things you touched . . . and passed.

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MYSTERIOUS BILLY SMITH

BY *STEWART H. HOLBROOK*

He was a battered old ex-pug when I knew him, scarred of face and body, filled with rheumatic stresses and so heavy with dropsy that he commonly used crutches. He sat almost every day in a chair by the stove in his beer saloon in Portland, Oregon, a place of antique flavor he had quaintly named the Champion's Rest. The name was quite accurate, for Mysterious Billy Smith had been the first welterweight champion of the world and now, in his late sixties, he was indeed resting.

Billy would talk, too, if he had the right sort of audience, that is, men who had at least heard of the great era of the ring when names like Joe Wolcott and Kid Lavigne and Tommy Ryan and Kid McCoy meant something. Otherwise, he would sit there quietly in his joint, the hulking figure of an old warrior, a grim, surly Neanderthal man whom the *National Police Gazette* had characterized as "the most vicious fighter in practice" during the 1890s. Sports writers who saw Billy perform felt the same way.

It took some doing, in those days, to achieve that reputation. I never saw him in the ring, but I've talked with men who did, and I have read the record in the yellowing files of old newspapers. I believe he probably earned his ring reputation, and added to it by some of the most appalling, sadistic and senseless barroom and street brawls imaginable. In those days, any extra-curricular fighting merely heightened the glory of a pugilist, as witness John L. Sullivan. Billy Smith never quite outlived his bellicosity; when he was 67 years old, and crippled to boot, I saw him reach out one great, though arthritic, arm and fell a two-hundred-pound longshoreman with a single blow. The big chump went down like an ox in a slaughterhouse. I term him a chump because he insisted on talking too loud after Billy had suggested he moderate his voice; he had fatuously thought that an ex-champ on crutches might be properly ignored.

STEWART H. HOLBROOK'S *articles on Americana and allied topics have been appearing regularly in the* MERCURY *for many years. He has also written for* Life, *the* New Yorker, *and other magazines, and he is the author of several books, including* Lost Men of American History *and the recently published* Little Annie Oakley and Other Rugged People.

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When I first knew him, Billy Smith had not been inside a ring for thirty years; he was unknown to the generations which had come after 1903. An account of his many ring battles, mostly with men long since forgotten, could mean nothing except to fight fans who cherish ring history, and would, indeed, be immensely boring. But there is something instructive about his life story. It shows how hard even a champion had to work in those days to gain a modest living. Mysterious Billy Smith, as champion welterweight of the world, did enough actual fighting to support a dozen fighters of any weight today; and the pay he got for committing assorted mayhem, and likewise for being the victim of mayhem, was incredibly small.

II

The first welterweight champion of the world was born William Amos Smith in Eastport, Maine, in 1871. He was taken while still a youngster with his family to St. John, New Brunswick, where he spent his extremely brief boyhood. At fifteen he wore a size 17 collar and had the shoulders and arms of a huge man, though he never was more than 5 feet 9 inches and his fighting weight was 142 pounds. He did not care for school. He took most naturally to fighting. At sixteen he was matched to fight a somewhat larger boy for a purse of $1.50. The two lads fought under London Prize Ring Rules, with bare knuckles, on the beach at St. John. (The rules prescribed a knockdown as the end of a round.) They pounded and cut each other into masses of bruised and torn flesh, while the he-men sports of St. John cheered them on. Billy Smith won the purse.

Young Billy's people did not approve of prize-fighting. So, at seventeen the youth stowed away on a lumber schooner for New York. He could get no fights there, and after peddling papers for some weeks on the Bowery, he jumped a freight train for Boston. The Hub was then fight-crazy. John L. Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy, was heavyweight champion of the world, and the town mustered at least five hundred young bullies who were trying to become pugilists. In those days, the best training for a young fighter was thought to be work in a livery stable. Billy got a job in a Boston stable and was soon working out with second- and third-rate professionals. He did so well that presently Steve Taylor, the great John L.'s sparring partner, came to look Billy over. He arranged Billy's first ring fight, with a man named Ed Harvey. Billy knocked out Harvey and received $10 for his work. For the next year or so he fought every other night, with men

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of all weights. He got as much as $50 for some bouts, but usually his pay was much less.

The profession of fighting was poorly organized. Several times Billy fought ring bouts before sizable audiences, only to find that the promoters had disappeared with the gate. Once, he rode a freight to Vanceboro, Maine, fought 48 rounds, and then stood by helplessly while the cops entered and ordered everybody out. The promoter had already left — with the gate. Billy had to beat his way back to Boston with only a sandwich to cheer the cindery way.

It was pretty discouraging. So, when one of Billy's brothers, who had gone to Portland, Oregon, and opened a livery stable, offered the youngster a job and told him the West Coast was fairly crawling with fighters and fights, Billy took off. That was in 1891. In the next several months Billy got a few bouts in Portland, and won them all. Ten dollars was average for the winning purse. But San Francisco appeared to be the place for a young fighter. Billy grabbed the usual freight and went there, proceeding directly to the California Athletic Club, where he told the manager he was a coming champ and wanted some bouts. The manager apparently felt that this cocky youth with the strange Maine accent needed special attention, so he arranged what was known as the Spider Kelly treatment.

Spider Kelly was a famous West Coast ring character. He had passed his prime but he was still pretty good. He had extremely long arms, and his specialty was knocking the hell out of cocky young punks like Billy Smith. But Billy, who was now fighting under his own name, got the decision, much to the surprise of Spider and the club. So, they gave him another bout, with one Frank Kelly, a nationally-known fighter. Billy kayoed him in the thirty-sixth round. Then young Smith was matched with a real top-notcher, Billy Armstrong, rated the second-best lightweight in the country, for a purse of $1000, winner take all. Billy took it.

Young Smith went on to clean up all the lightweights and middleweights on the West Coast, along with a few heavies; it made no difference to Billy how much an opponent weighed. In 1892 his ring battles totaled 119 rounds. His total take was approximately $2000. This was hardly the way to get rich. But out of these early fights there did come something especially valuable — the name of Mysterious Billy Smith.

III

I had long heard that the "Mysterious" had been applied to him because he had fought his way from coast to coast, posing as an unknown, calling

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himself "Jim Rogers," fighting only in small towns, but making good money through a partner who bet on Billy to knock the local champ out of the ring. But Billy told me the nickname had not come about in that way. In New England he had fought his ham-and-eggs bouts under the name of "Jack Nickle." (This was to keep his family from learning he was fighting.) When, a year later, he cleaned up all the best fighters on the West Coast under his own name, and told the press that he hailed from Boston, the sports back East began to wonder. Nobody in Boston had ever heard of Billy Smith. Captain A. W. Cooke, editor of the Boston *Police News*, remarked: "This Bill Smith who claims to hail from Beantown and has worked over all the West Coast bunch in less than a year is certainly a mysterious one."

That was enough. The marvel-loving sports writers did the rest. PACIFIC COAST COMET IS MAN OF MYSTERY, shouted the *National Police Gazette*. The New York and Boston dailies carried stories about the "Pugilistic Sphinx." No people on earth love things that aren't true more than sports writers and fans; one and all they were charmed to read about Mysterious Billy Smith. The story was elaborated on. Certain sports-page writers said that Billy was a black-sheep son of the Hon. Hoke Smith of Georgia, one-time Secretary of the Interior. In the Far West, one erudite scribe reported Billy to be the grandson of Jedediah Smith, the explorer. In Utah a gentile writer cooked up a dandy, for a gentile newspaper, which had Billy "the second child of the fourth daughter of the eighteenth wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith." When asked if this were true, Billy gravely replied that it was, then turned it to business advantage by claiming to have inherited some of the prophetic powers of his noted grandfather. "I'm going to beat the living lights out of Tommy Ryan next Friday night," he prophesied. But the one Billy liked best was the story that had him the veritable son of "Trade Smith," the Brother on the left side of the cough-drop box.

After his sensational first year on the West Coast, Billy felt he was ready for the big time. He went — by Pullman — to New York City, and there, on April 17, 1893, at the Coney Island Athletic club, after five and one-quarter minutes of murderous fighting, he knocked out Tom Williams, heralded as the champion welterweight of England and Australia. Billy got $4500 for this performance. At the time, there had never been a welterweight division in the United States. Billy was declared champion of the world in this class — which went up to 147 pounds.

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The new champ took on several challengers in and around New York, winning all except one bout, a draw with Tommy Ryan. Then Billy was told he could make a pile of money in the unlikely town of Spring Valley, Illinois, where a local miner named Ed Butler had been built up as the Terror of the Midwest. Bill agreed to fight, the winner to take all receipts.

When Billy arrived at the Spring Valley fight arena, he noted that, although there was a man at the door to take tickets, a majority of the fans were entering by way of four open windows. Billy complained to the lone policeman. "They're only kids," said the officer, wholly uninterested. Billy remarked that he had never before seen kids with walrus mustaches and full beards. He threw off his coat and got busy plugging these woeful leaks, moving swiftly from window to window, punching in the nose every face as it came up over the sill. "I just couldn't afford to lose all that money," he told me, still righteously indignant.

At last the fight got under way, with a crowd patently hostile toward the man who had batted so many of them in the nose. "Did all my fighting in the middle of the ring," Billy related. "If I'd-a got near the ropes some of them mugs would-a slugged me sure." This was not mere imagination. During the first round, half a dozen good-sized hunks of coal, any one of them fit to brain a man, clunked past Billy's head to the canvas. Until these missiles appeared, it had been Billy's plan to permit the local champ to stay eight rounds or so, just to give the natives a run for their money. But now, with all hands acting so uncivilly, Billy changed his mind. He knocked out Butler in the second round.

"Then," said Billy, "the whole goddam thing busted loose." The crowd started tearing up the benches and throwing stuff — coal, bottles, hunks of wood, anything. A mob of them attacked Billy as he crawled through the ropes. He picked up a handy water bottle and conked three or four fans, laying them cold. The crowd quieted. But when he had got into his clothes and started for the nearby saloon where he was to get his money, some of the gang followed, heaving coal. He got his pitiful purse, which was something like $117, and the night train to Streator, where he fought next day. He then left the coal country of Illinois for good. "No sense of management there," he explained. He returned to the East Coast.

IV

For the next year and more Mysterious Billy Smith fought every few weeks, winning most of his bouts, drawing a few, and losing once to Tommy Ryan on a foul. Fouls were to

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play a considerable part in his career. "It's damned peculiar," he told me in his latter days, "damned peculiar that I lost seven, eight, maybe nine fights because of alleged fouls, but never won but one that way."

Billy's style, however, was a tremendous drawing card. At the sound of the gong he took off from his chair and fairly leaped at his man. No sparring, no footwork, just an immediate and savage attack, as though his one and only intent was to murder his opponent in the first round. It was the same in the second and subsequent rounds. On he came, a slashing, punching maniac. The sports writers found him fine copy; they called him a butcher, a meat-cleaver, a brute. All of this, of course, was sports-page hyperbole, but there was an element of truth in it. Billy Smith, if my informants are to be trusted in their memories, was basically a killer. The only reason he didn't actually kill his opponents was that it is difficult to kill an ordinarily tough man with one's hands, unless you choke him to death. (I always felt Billy regretted that choking was not permitted.)

The purses were a little better now, though not much. And Billy was feeling his oats as a champ. John L. Sullivan had made a tour of England, challenging all comers. Billy Smith decided to do the same. Late in 1895, he landed in London and announced that he would like nothing better than to meet any three fighters in England, one after the other, on the same evening, at catchweights, which meant that he didn't care how much his opponents weighed. His only stipulation was that he, Billy Smith, be permitted five minutes of rest between bouts.

The announcement created something of a sensation, and an evening was quickly arranged at the Store Street Hall in London. The place was packed; every Limey who could lay his hands on half a crown tried to get in to see the American butchered by Trooper Ham, the middleweight champion of the British Army; or, if not by Ham, then by Battling Morris or Jack Bryan, the other opponents of the evening. Trooper Ham of the gallant Ninth Lancers went down and out in less than a round. After Billy had enjoyed five minutes for rest and contemplation, Battling Morris entered the ring. Before Billy could hit him, the Battler got himself a crab hold around the American's neck. Mysterious Billy never liked anything around his neck. He shook off the Battler, then started in to cut him to pieces. Battling Morris ducked under the ropes and ran up an aisle, with Billy at his heels. But the bobbies restrained him.

Billy fairly seethed through his next five minutes of relaxation, and then stepped forward to meet Jack

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Bryan, who weighed 14 stone, or 196 pounds. Billy was still annoyed at his last opponent. He wasted no time on this one. In less than one minute, Jack Bryan was down on the floor. He had to be carried out.

It had been quite an evening. The English papers gave it a fine play, too, and said wildly enthusiastic things about the American fighter, calling him "the fistic marvel of the age" and things like that. Billy went on to Glasgow, where he was met with an ovation. "Them Scotchmen," he said, "made me an honorary member of a hell of a big mess of clubs and societies. Great people." That he had never heard of any of the groups honoring him did not matter; they gave him several beautifully lettered scrolls, as impressive to Billy as they were incomprehensible. He boxed a few exhibition bouts, then went on to Manchester and Liverpool, where he fought and won four easy matches. No big purses appeared, however. He sailed for Boston.

There he took on the great Kid McCoy, *né* Norman Selby, a much heavier man, and lost on a foul. Then, on March 17, 1897, came one of those Battles of the Century, this one between Jim Corbett, the heavyweight champ, and Bob Fitzsimmons, the challenger. Fans from all over the world were present at Carson City, Nevada. On the same card they saw Mysterious Billy Smith matched with a welter known as Young Corbett. The big fellows fought in the morning, and Fitzsimmons won, much to Billy's satisfaction; he collected $6000 on a bet. Late in the afternoon came the welterweight bout. In the third round Smith hit Young Corbett on the back of the head and broke his (*i.e.*, Smith's) forearm in two places. He thought he could get a draw by hanging on until darkness stopped the fight, but Billy's second, Tom Sharkey, tossed in the towel.

A Carson City doctor set Billy's arm and he took off for San Francisco. At this point he recalled that a local saloon-keeper, boxer and promoter named Young Mitchell owed him $300 for appearing on a fight card two years previously. Billy had tried vainly to collect the money. Now he went to the Mitchell saloon to try again. "When Mitchell see my right arm was done up in splints," said Billy, "he told me to get the hell out of his place. I went into him, and we clinched. He bit right through my light coat and took a good hunk out of my shoulder. I got him down on the floor. I set my teeth into his throat and began chewing. He got a finger into my mouth. I chomped down hard; bit it off, clean, bone and all. And I'll be damned if Mitchell didn't holler for the cops. I got out of there."

Mitchell swore out a warrant charg-

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ing Billy with what Billy recalls was "mayhem, manslaughter, and attempted murder." Whatever the charge, it served to keep Billy Smith out of California for quite a while. He returned to the East, to fight Joe Wolcott a couple of times; and to meet Young Corbett again. This time he laid Corbett out cold. "A highly satisfactory fight," he remembered it. His ring battles in 1898 totaled 234 rounds. The next year was comparatively quiet, with only 129 rounds, though these included his match with Kid Lavigne, held by some to be the greatest lightweight of all time, whom he defeated.

V

The new century found Mysterious Billy sitting on top of his class, but he did not stay there for long. In January of 1900 he lost to Jim Fern, the Kansas Rube, on a foul, and never regained the championship. Fouls had always troubled him, and he was to lose four more fights on fouls. He couldn't understand it. "*All* of them fouled now and again," he told me. "Take my fight with Billy Gallagher. In the first round he bit a good-sized hunk out of my lip. In the next round I knocked him down and while he was flat on his back I stepped on his face, purposely — just as a warning to him. But the referee called foul." It was always Billy who was caught.

Now that he was on the way down, Billy took to liquor. He fairly trained on alcohol, he told me, and often fought when he could count two, sometimes four, other men in the ring. He toured much of the West for two months, offering $100 to anybody, at any weight, who could stay four rounds.

He never had to pay the prize, but in one Kansas town he barely escaped with his life. After he had walloped the local champ, five of the felled champion's pals ganged up on him with brass knuckles. He was doing fine when the cops came, but Billy made the mistake of hitting a cop. He was arrested and fined. It was a hard way to make a living. In 60 days of barnstorming he fought 78 men for a total of 160 rounds. "I got kinder tired," he remarked. So, in 1902, he returned to Portland, Oregon, opened the Atlantic saloon, and bought into a sailors' boarding house. He also got shot. He was never quite clear as to what the shooting was about, but police found him on the sidewalk with five bullets in his body. They called for the morgue wagon, but Billy still had breath enough to say: "I ain't dead. Make it an ambulance." In touching on this incident to me, he remarked he sure would have been a goner if the guy had used a .38 calibre. "But they wuz little thirty-two bullets," he explained, indicating their

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size with his thumb and forefinger.

When Prohibition came, Billy closed his saloon. He opened the Champion's Rest with the return of beer to Oregon. Billy died not long ago, but the Champion's Rest is still in business; and on its wall there is an enormous photograph, in a gilt frame, of Billy himself, in old-fashioned tights reaching from waist to shoes, his bare fists upraised in conventional stance, on his face the same surly, savage look that I noted in his latter days. He was a born, a natural, fighter, not a boxer — a primordial character like John L. Sullivan, who would honestly rather fight than eat. It was obviously a mistake to attack him with anything smaller than a .38 calibre gun.

AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN

BY GUSTAV DAVIDSON

The air is solvent, clear.
The shimmering daylight
Grieves against the hill.

The opal talk of birds
Is done,
The reverie of bees;
There is still
A trembling of leaves.

The sun is two hours gone.
The fluent paw of fox, the white
Knees of fawn and stoat
Are folded for the night.

The caw of the crow
Is homingly remote.

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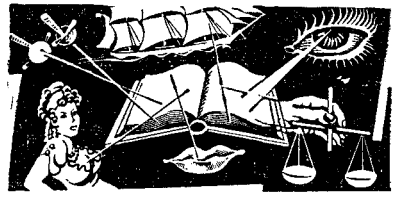

FROM DREISER TO FARRELL

by BEN RAY REDMAN

TWO recently published books shed considerable light upon the careers of two writers who occupy, and will probably continue to occupy, conspicuous places in the history of American naturalistic fiction. One of these careers is ended, while the other — for better or for worse — is still unfolding in the public view. One author was a great and lumbering pioneer; the other has been a follower, not an imitator, who has made determined use of the freedom secured, in large measure, by the efforts of his trail-blazing predecessor. The first climbed the hill of fame without ever being quite sure of his beliefs, his intentions, or his goal. The second, although he has not climbed as high, seems always to have known exactly where he wished to go, why he wished to go there, and what he wished to do along the way. The names of the two writers are Dreiser and Farrell. The illuminating books before us are *Theodore Dreiser: Apostle of Nature* [$4.00, Knopf], by Robert H. Elias, and James T. Farrell's new novel, *The Road Between* [$3.50, Vanguard]. The biography is a carefully documented, objective study, while the novel clearly, if unintentionally, exhibits its author's failings as well as the sources of his proved strength. Let us look at these books, one after the other, in their natural order of precedence, with a view to discovering what Mr. Elias has to tell us about Dreiser, and what Mr. Farrell has to tell us about Farrell.

Mr. Elias has, in my opinion, done a remarkably sound job. Indeed, it is hard to see how he could have done a better or more thorough one, in the circumstances in which he wrote. The privileges which he enjoyed while pre-

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paring his book over an eight-year period — Dreiser's and Mrs. Dreiser's frank and helpful collaboration, the generous assistance of Dreiser's many friends and acquaintances, first-hand accounts of many episodes — were of inestimable value, and of a kind that cannot possibly be enjoyed by biographers a generation from now; but these same privileges inevitably entailed certain responsibilities and reticences. Mr. Elias could hardly tell the whole truth about every phase of Dreiser's life, he could hardly probe into every most private corner, if such probing and such truth meant hurting or distressing one or more of the willing collaborators. So it is possible that at some future date we may have a fuller account than Mr. Elias has given us of the many emotional tangles in which Dreiser involved himself during a long and eager life. But I doubt that such an account would be desirable, and I am sure that it is not necessary. Mr. Elias has told us all we need to know in order to understand the origins of Dreiser's novels and the uneven course of his strange life-story.

For it was a strange story; more interesting and complex than that of any of his fictional characters. The beginning and the end of it are probably more familiar to most of Dreiser's readers than is the early-middle section, yet if we do not know that section we can hardly realize just how remarkable the story was. That the poverty-haunted, fearful, frustrated, awkward, inefficient, young hobbledehoy should finally grow into a world-famous novelist was extraordinary enough — granted; but, after all, we are used to seeing famous novelists made out of all sorts of unpromising material. So I think it is even more extraordinary that Dreiser required only a few years to transform himself from that same hobbledehoy into an assured, shrewd, successful magazine editor, who knew exactly how to win readers and keep his editorial bread well buttered on the right side. This is the Dreiser who has been largely forgotten. This is the man — fashionably dressed, with neatly slicked hair and smart gold-rimmed spectacles, worldly and confident of air — whose photograph we can hardly recognize. The young man who launched *Ev'ry Week* in 1895, published Bret Harte and Stephen Crane, and ran the circulation up to 65,000 in two years. The somewhat older man — who had survived the nearly fatal tragedy of *Sister Carrie's* suppression — who took hold of *Smith's Magazine*, in 1905, and doubled its circulation in twelve months. The man who moved on to re-make *Broadway Magazine*, where he announced that "the heavy is never the effective or the important,"

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and performed what a metropolitan newspaper described as "the prettiest piece of transformation work seen in New York for many a day." The man who, in 1907, was given command of the Butterick Trio — including the *Delineator* — at a salary of $7000 a year, which was later raised to $10,000; who created a beauty department which drew ten thousand letters a month; who printed Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and F. Marion Crawford; and who declared:

> We like sentiment, we like humor, we like realism, but it must be tinged with sufficient idealism to make it all of a truly uplifting character. Our field in this respect is limited by the same limitations which govern the well regulated home. We cannot admit stories which deal with false or immoral relations, or which point a false moral, or which deal with things degrading, such as drunkenness. I am personally opposed in this magazine to stories which have an element of horror in them, or which are disgusting in their realism and fidelity to life. The finer side of things — the idealistic — is the answer for us, and we find really splendid material within these limitations.

Is this, readers may ask, the great naturalist speaking? Is this the teller of Carrie's and Hurstwood's sordid tale? The creator of Eugene Witla, with all his concupiscence? The recorder of Jennie Gerhardt's shame? The historian of an American tragedy? The narrator of Cowperwood's many adulteries? The answer is — no. But it is Theodore Dreiser speaking; or, at least, one part of his complex personality — the part that displayed a surprising social adaptability, an unexpected willingness to play the game according to the rules, in order to win the great American sweepstakes.

II

That success was Dreiser's early god is a familiar fact, and Mr. Elias' biography furnishes ample proof that this Young Man from the Provinces — who once identified himself with Balzac's Lucien de Rubempré, and modeled his first newspaper articles on Lucien's imaginary pieces — was obstinately reluctant to abandon the worship of his youth. The poverty of his childhood was odious to him, the shame and helplessness of his family gave him a sense of degradation. When he began to deliver laundry in Chicago, glimpses of wealth and luxury fascinated him. As a reporter in St. Louis he was still dreaming of "love amid velvet and plush settings; fortune and gilded salons; exclusiveness and exclusive people. . . . To enjoy romance, he would have to go east. Soon he was picturing his life in a New York studio, where he would wear fine clothes and be socially

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superior. . . ." Money and women — the one making the other available: this was the twin dream which haunted him, which was never wholly exorcised. In his first novels he dealt with the failure that he so much feared, but his fictional imagination quickly turned to success — stupendous, immoderate, ruthless success — and he reveled in it.

This is why the popular identification of Dreiser's realistic or naturalistic novels with the literature of social protest is one of the ironies of recent literary history; an irony that is pointed up, implicitly if not explicitly, by Mr. Elias' candid record, It is true that the author of *An American Tragedy*, with a somewhat uncertain sense of justice, sought to blame society for the fates of Clyde Griffiths and Roberta Alden; but this is a unique specimen in the body of his work. *Sister Carrie* and *Jennie Gerhardt* were written to dramatize social facts, not to protest against them. How could a writer protest, when he believed that nature was the author of all inequalities and injustices — so interesting, so charming, so amusing, so irritating, and so stimulating — and that, "Nature's way is correct, her impulses sound"? (This, mind you, even *after* writing *An American Tragedy*.) How could he protest, when he was sure that reformers tended to acquire "a cocksure intellectual attitude" which put them "terribly out of harmony with the great underlying life forces"? How could he protest, when he felt as he did about Frank Algernon Cowperwood, drawn from the actual model of Charles Tyson Yerkes?

And how did he feel about Cowperwood, the piratical financier and traction magnate, the very type and symbol of a lawless era? Did he make this character the protagonist of a trilogy of protest — a horrible example? Hardly. Dreiser saw Cowperwood "rushing like a great comet to the zenith, his path a blazing trail"; a comet that illuminated the "terrors and wonders of individuality." And again the novelist described his hero:

> A rebellious Lucifer this, glorious in his sombre conception of the value of power. A night-black pool his world will seem to some, played over by the fulgerous gleams of his own individualistic and truly titanic mind. To the illuminate it will have a very different meaning, I am sure, a clear suggestion of the inscrutable forces of life as they shift and play — marring what they do not glorify — pagan, fortuitous, inalienably artistic . . .

That last word is a key to Dreiser's thinking and emotions. Although he was an instinctive humanitarian, he was fascinated, as an artist, by a social jungle in which the strong rose to

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power on the bodies of the weak. Far from demanding that Cowperwood's Chicago be altered, he celebrated the free-for-all as it was, and cried: "Leave things be; the wilder the better for those who are strong enough to survive and the future of Chicago will then be known by the genius of the great men it bred."

Dreiser's fight for freedom of expression was an artist's fight. And there was a large infusion of romanticism in this noted naturalist. He demanded the right to set forth the truth as he saw it, not because he wished to use words as weapons in a social battle, but because he found the existing social truth, with all its inequalities and injustices, an artistically exciting and stimulating spectacle.

Actually, he was stirred to protest against "the system" only when he himself ran afoul of it; only when — as in the case of *The Genius* — his own ox was gored. Vaguely wishing that the world might be a happier place for many individuals ("I don't care a damn about the masses"), he was loath to embrace any definite program of reform. There was in his nature a rooted skepticism which made set creeds and fixed dogmas abhorrent to him. Perhaps he could never forget his father's fanatical faith, and the dark shadows it had thrown across his boyhood home.

III

Combined with this skepticism, however, there was an abiding hunger for certitude — a hunger that was not to be satisfied. At different stages of his life, Dreiser sought different sources of enlightenment. From his early and prolonged preoccupation with the wonders of individuality, he turned to the mighty and mysterious forces which operate upon the individual, and decided that he and all other men are pygmies in their indeterminate presence. He thought that he found a great thinker in Charles Fort; and when he hopefully consulted Ouija boards, they readily supplied him with an interesting mess of misinformation. Again he went to science for an answer, and science withheld definite replies; but a brief experience with microscopes persuaded him that the creative force was not blind as he had long believed. During his later years he achieved a mystical sense of unity with nature, convincing himself that he could talk with animals and birds, "perhaps even with the grass and the flowers." Man, he decided, is not really living, but "is being lived and thought by that which has produced him." This is his sole existence. It is only a step, one notes, from this point to the belief that we are thoughts in the mind of God — but Dreiser did not take the step.

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He did, however, discover Communism. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the Communists discovered him. Far from being attracted to the rigid dogmatism of the extreme left, he was repelled; but the Stalinists were not at all repelled by him. Here was a big name, a great reputation, which could be most useful in their business. So they moved in, and finally bagged their game. Yet not without a struggle. The old individualist, the instinctive skeptic, shied away from Party lines and Party discipline. Even in 1928, after enjoying a custom-built tour of Russia, he could still denounce Communism as "a wholly lunatic theory in regard to altering the very nature of man." He might lend his name increasingly to Communist front organizations, but not until 1932 would he abjure the "untrammeled individualism" which — according to his belated public confession — he had so long and stoutly advocated.

After that, as he bulked large on platforms with Browder and Robeson and Marcantonio, his thinking largely ceased to be his own. A single example will suffice. During the Russo-German pact, when he was outraged by Roosevelt's unfriendliness to Hitler, Dreiser solemnly wrote to Mencken:

> I begin to suspect that Hitler is correct. The President may be part Jewish. His personal animosity toward Hitler has already resulted in placing America in the Allied Camp — strengthening Britain's attitude and injuring Germany in the eyes of the world. The brass!

Yes, it was a famous victory, this capture of Dreiser by the Communists; and the full story of it, if it is ever written, should make instructive reading. But it was a hollow victory. It was a tired old man who was finally led into the Stalinist sheepfold; a bewildered old man, in whom innate skepticism and the will-to-know were still indecisively struggling. Towards the last, too, even before his formal application for Party membership, Dreiser had turned away from Communist activities and turned back to literature — even though the literature which finally claimed him was nothing better than *The Bulwark*. His end, indeed, was symbolical and illuminating. For it tells us a good deal, I think, about Theodore Dreiser and the whirlpool of vital forces from which his novels rose, when we are informed that in the last year of his life, 1945 — the same year in which he officially embraced Stalinism — he began to attend a variety of Sunday church services, until one day, on Good Friday, he was so emotionally stirred that he could not resist taking Holy Communion.

"For there is a mine in man," as

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Edward Young said two centuries ago, "which must be deeply dug ere we can conjecture its contents."

IV

In contrast to Theodore Dreiser, James T. Farrell has always been sure of his basic beliefs and of his reforming mission. His novels have, from the beginning, been novels of protest — against the conditions of life into which he himself was born. Arriving on the literary scene during the Great Depression, he brought to his task a furious energy and an angry sincerity. Fully aware that literature is no substitute for social and political action, he was still fired by the conviction that it can be employed as a powerful force for social betterment. He would make it his business to show American readers what life in a place like Chicago's South Side is like; show them with such naturalistic vigor and so great a wealth of repulsive detail that they would find the continued existence of such conditions intolerable. He would hammer away at his job, page after page, volume after volume, repeating himself again and again — contemptuous of monotony so long as it was an echo and an image of truth — adding tirelessly, year after year, to the mass and the weight and the urgency of his indictment. This was his program. He carried it out with bitter industry, at the same time escaping from the life and the values he loathed. And he thereby enriched American fiction with the three-volume story of Studs Lonigan and the four-volume story of Danny O'Neill.

Impressive in their mere bulk, these novels are also impressive in their protracted representation of profoundly felt experience, their absolute candor, and their cumulative power. Some readers found them tedious, others could not stomach their more disgusting elements, while still others sneered at their author's style — or total lack of any such thing. But a good many responsible and reputable critics saw these novels as specimens of American naturalism at its best. And then, having shown what he could do with Chicago, Mr. Farrell decided to move his characters on to New York, as he himself had moved. It was, probably, a necessary step if he wished to go on writing novels, for he had pretty well exhausted the Chicago of his boyhood; at least, he had given his readers just about as much of it as they could be expected to take. But this attempt to work in new fields has shown, rather surprisingly, how extraordinarily dependent Mr. Farrell has been, as a novelist, upon the streets, houses, characters, and incidents of his childhood and youth. In his latest novel, for example, when he is out-

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side of Chicago and beyond the frontiers of his early experiences, he moves uncertainly amid unsubstantial scenes, and among characters who are frequently no more than shadowy names and bodiless voices.

This weakness, this inanition resulting from the author's separation from his source of nourishment, began to manifest itself in *Bernard Clare* (1946). But it is far more obvious — embarrassingly so — in *The Road Between*, which carries Bernard's story forward, with promise of more instalments to come. (Bernard's last name, by the way, is now Carr, thanks to a libel suit provoked by the first volume of his history.) Bernard's early adventures in New York made dull enough reading — except for his affair with Eva — but they were not completely negligible in retrospect; and my own conclusion, after I had put the book aside for a time, was that Mr. Farrell had performed the difficult task of writing dispassionately of an increasingly annoying and offensive character. But in *The Road Between* Bernard is no more endurable, there is no affair with Eva to enliven the lump of the narrative, and Mr. Farrell's inability to animate his New York characters is distressingly apparent.

We first met Bernard, in 1927, when he was trying to write a short story which would be acceptable to Mencken. We left him, in *Bernard Clare*, defeated by his first encounters with the Big City and the art of literature. Now we pick him up again, in 1932, when he is living with his young wife in a basement room in the Greenwich Village area, just as his first novel is about to be published; and after this we follow him in his dealing with reviewers and publishers, his association with Communists — whose line and dialectical hooks he steadfastly refuses to swallow — his relations with his wife Elizabeth, and his approaching fatherhood, his struggle to write a second novel, his persistently puerile emotions and juvenile reveries, the mis-adventures of his prickly ego, and his contacts with his own and his wife's families during a brief visit to Chicago. Then, once again, we take leave of him as he sails for Paris with a literary fellowship to finance the journey.

The makings of a novel, certainly. Yet none of it is really convincing, save for a few Chicago incidents and a scene with Elizabeth's father and mother — on from Chicago, and therefore, perhaps, bringing with them a pinch of the good, invigorating earth — in New York. No stream of life courses through the narrative. The novelist fails, quite simply and plainly, at the novelist's primary job of characterization. I am willing to believe, if pressed, that some Com-

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munists and fellow-travelers are as faceless and mindless as those with whom Bernard associates — although even then I would insist that he must have picked his Stalinist specimens with care — but I cannot by any stretch of faith, believe in his publishers and their talk. That some publishers are so-and-sos is a fact not to be disputed. But they are alive, at least. Mr. Farrell's publishers are dead, or dreamed-up, so-and-sos who speak a language that has never been heard by any ears but his.

When scene and people are empty of life, the quality of Mr. Farrell's writing unfortunately obtrudes itself. Here, for example, is his description of a restaurant:

> The restaurant was large and old-fashioned, with wood-panelled walls, on which were hung paintings of plump nymphs and of sailing vessels and clipper ships. The place was less than half filled, but the diners were well-dressed and were conversing in low voices, with an air of politeness and good manners. The array of silver, the shining platters, the spotless linen, and the efficient waiters added to the sense of ease and grace they all felt as they were ushered to a table in the rear.

But there is no point in pressing charges against *The Road Between.* The novel is valuable only for what it has to tell us about its author's limitations, about a novelist's interesting case. And that it has told us. Mr. Farrell's assimilation of his early Chicago experiences was so thorough that he could translate every little bit of it into effective, successful fiction. Then, at a given time and place, the process of assimilation seems to have ceased. James T. Farrell lost touch with his sustaining springs. Even now, when he returns to Chicago, he is reinvigorated; but away from it he falters, and he possesses no creative imagination to serve him when direct contact with his exclusive source of reality is denied him.

This is not the way of the great naturalists. In Zola creative imagination was hardly less strong than the passion for documentation; and anyone who doubts what it could do, when given its head, need only look at *Nana.* Dreiser indulged in no such flights. But he too could create, although laboriously. It is possible, of course, that Mr. Farrell will develop new abilities — for his determination is prodigious — and there is an even better chance that his powers of assimilation will some day begin to catch up with his mature experience. But until this occurs, it would seem wise to hail him, not as a great naturalist — without qualification — but as a great naturalist of Chicago's South Side.

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THE CHECK LIST

BIOGRAPHY

BEAU JAMES, *The Life and Times of Jimmy Walker*, by Gene Fowler. $4.00. *Viking*. Jimmy Walker was the personification of the Dizzy Twenties. He was the model playboy of those times. He apparently had no sense of responsibility to his family or to the city whose mayor he was; he seldom answered letters and looked upon official appointments as jokes. His "passing fancies" were many and largely disgraceful, and his long relationship (while he was still married) with Betty Compton, whom he finally married, did not add to the dignity of the mayor's office. In the end he repented, and even returned to the Catholic Church. This story can be treated as a tragedy, as a sensitive study of a petty man in high office, or as a scenario for a grade-B movie. Mr. Fowler, unfortunately, treats it as the last. The more's the pity, since he apparently has had access to much hitherto unavailable information. The information is very interesting, even when Mr. Fowler mars it with his cheap writing. On page 34 he speaks of "Raymond Moley, a learned and affable gentleman who has as many degrees as a thermometer." On page 294 he refers to the witness chair (in the Seabury investigation) as "that piece of furniture." There are many excellent photographs.

I WANTED TO WRITE, by Kenneth Roberts. $3.50. *Doubleday*. This may well be the one book by Mr. Roberts that will be read twenty and thirty years from now. It is an elephant of a book, running to some 450 pages of text; it is sloppily put together; it is angry; it is full of petty snipes at people in public life who he does not like and reviewers who have sneered at his writings; it is repetitious; it is full of irrelevancies. Nevertheless, he does manage to put across the hard labor — the painfully hard labor and nerve-racking anxiety — that is the lot of every man and woman who yearns to be a writer. Mr. Roberts is a second-rater, and on at least one occasion (in *Oliver Wiswell*) has fallen even lower; but the labors he has gone through were as hard as those Thomas Hardy went through. Every beginning writer should read this book to know what's ahead — and also, incidentally, to learn how not to write if he wishes to achieve any enduring work.

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DRY MESSIAH, *The Life of Bishop James Cannon, Jr.*, by Virginius Dabney. $4.00. *Knopf.* Few politicians of our time have had such unsavory records as the late Bishop Cannon, whose pious hypocrisies afforded a vast amount of amusement to anti-prohibitionists during the twenties and probably helped considerably to discredit the dry movement. In exposing the Bishop, Mr. Dabney is obviously having a wonderful time. Every fraud and peculation is dwelt on, and snickered at, at great length. The result is an entertaining book which proves its points without much difficulty, but which is a good deal longer than it had to be.

BRITON HADDEN, by Noel F. Busch. $3.00. *Farrar, Straus.* Briton Hadden and Henry Luce founded *Time* magazine in 1923, at a time when both men were 24 years old, and when $100,000 was a good deal easier to raise and harder to spend than it is today. Mr. Busch, a relative of Hadden and an employee of Luce, is quite clearly in the position of a man who knows a lot about his subject but cannot tell all of it. Nevertheless, his biography makes superb reading. Hadden emerges as an editorial genius of the first rank, as a likable eccentric, and as a thoroughgoing rebel against convention. It is made clear that he was at least indirectly responsible for most of the editorial policies that have shaped *Time.*

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

IF RUSSIA STRIKES—, by George Fielding Eliot. $2.75. *Bobbs-Merrill.* An elaborate series of conjectures on the possible techniques of Russian aggression, the possible counter-measures of the United States, and the possible circumstances under which all these possibilities might occur. Since Major Eliot is doing his "experting" on a war that has not yet broken out, and is doing it in great detail, he has found himself unable to make much of a definite statement about anything. A few clear opinions do emerge, however: We would probably not be able to stop Russia in Western Europe in 1949, but probably *would* be able to in 1950 or thereafter. Soviet industry, contrary to the popular belief, is highly concentrated and is extremely vulnerable to atomic bombing. And the atomic bomb would probably win the war for us quickly if we chose to use it unmercifully.

THE NEGRO IN THE UNITED STATES, by E. Franklin Frazier. $8.00. *Macmillan.* If Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma* had never been written, this weighty 700-page tome might legitimately be called epochal. It is a thorough and scholarly study of Negro institutions in this country, and also a convincing argument for giving the Negro a better break than he has had thus far. Dr. Frazier, of Howard University, is obviously a first-rate sociologist. But Myrdal (who was helped by Frazier in the preparation of his masterpiece) has already gone over the same material, and has done so more philosophically and with an infinitely superior literary style. This volume is certainly useful, but students of the subject should

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be advised that the earlier work has not yet been supplanted.

THE SCIENCES

FROM THIRTY YEARS WITH FREUD, by Theodor Reik. $3.75. *International Universities.* This is a welcome re-issue of a book originally published in 1940. The author was an intimate of Freud's for three decades, and apparently enjoyed his respect and admiration. Here he recalls aspects of Freud, as a man, therapist, and investigator, which impressed themselves upon him and which also have bearing upon the whole canon of Freudianism. The book makes fascinating reading. The Freud who emerges is pretty much of a kindly, patient, decent human being, who was ever humble before the vast unknown of his realm of research, who was always glad to help younger men, and who, of course, was one of the greatest intellects of our time. It is a pity that an index is lacking. The translation is by Richard Winston.

FLIGHT FROM REALITY, by Norman Taylor. $3.50. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* A popular survey of narcotics and stimulants, ranging from opium and bhang to tea and coffee, with a generous portion of the author's text given over to debunking popular superstitions on the subject. Mr. Taylor, a botanist, editor and explorer, is on the whole rather skeptical about the hair-raising stories connected with many drugs; he believes that marijuana, for example, is no more harmful than tobacco when it is taken in moderation, and that legislation to prohibit its use should be discouraged.

MISCELLANEOUS

MEDIÆVAL LATIN LYRICS. Translated by Helen Waddell. $5.00. *Holt.* This is a re-issue, virtually unchanged, of a magnificent book originally published in 1929. Miss Waddell, whose *Desert Fathers*, *Beasts and Saints* and *Peter Abelard* are contemporary classics, has achieved nothing less than the best all-around one-volume anthology of medieval lyrics — and her translations, which appear opposite the original Latin, are superb, not only as translations but as poetry in their own right. There are excellent bibliographical notes.

BURKE'S POLITICS, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Ross J. S. Hoffman and Paul Levack. $4.75. *Knopf.* In their long and learned introduction, the two editors maintain that the problems faced by Burke were in many ways similar to those faced by the Anglo-Saxon world during the past thirty years, and that Burke's great speeches against tyranny and for "the politics of Christian humanism" are filled with wisdom that contemporary statesmen could read with profit. Their attempt to whitewash Burke's servility before hereditary wealth and "hereditary dignity" is not as convincing as they imagine, but they do manage to make out a case for him as a vigorous proponent, most of the time, for civil liberties and the basic social freedoms. Their selections from Burke's writings seem to be intelligently made.

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THE OPEN FORUM

POLYGYNY — YALE AND HARVARD VERSIONS

SIR: Ralph Linton makes out as good a case for polygyny as could be expected from a Yale man. But it seems to me that he discards too quickly the two alternatives that he posits — female infanticide and temple prostitution.

Everyone knows that females are difficult and irresponsible, especially when they reach the age of adolescence, and again when they begin to drive motor cars. The natives of Sakalava, whom your author regards so highly, presumably do not have to cope with the problem of the female motorist. Obviously the roads would be safer if these had been drowned in infancy, like surplus kittens.

But a modern version of temple prostitution would seem to be a really ideal solution of the problem of surplus females. The current established religion of secular humanism lends itself admirably to such a shrine. Already I can visualize the gleaming High Altar dedicated to the great god Self, with side altars to Money and Power, all tended by scores of these streamlined vestals, ready and eager to help every man in his urge toward self-expression.

So please, Dr. Linton, don't close the doors to these other hopeful solutions while pedantically pursuing the pleasing prospect of plural pulchritude. In a free world, there should be a place for euthanasia and prostitution, two of the most ancient practices of the human race, as well as for the comparatively late development of progressive polygamy or — as you so precisely term it at New Haven — polygyny.

C. PHILLIPS MORTON

The Harvard Club
New York City

REALISM IN YAKIMA

SIR: Suppose we take a realistic look at Hungary, apropos Neal Stanford's article ["Hungary: Pattern of Soviet Imperialism"] in the May MERCURY. Prewar Hungary was a fascist state ruled from Rome, and it was an enemy of Russia. During the war, it was absorbed by Germany — still an enemy of Russia. The valor and sacrifices of the Soviets freed her; then both the Hungarians and Russians were confronted with the problem of insti-

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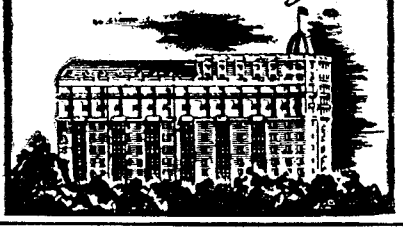

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tuting a new régime for Hungary. . . .

Moscow knew what the result would be if decisions were left to an ordinary election. Rome would win; a new fascist state would be created. It would be an enemy of Russia, and the Soviet sacrifices of the war would have been in vain. . . . Moscow, therefore, had two courses open to her. She could continue to hold Hungary with her army and thus govern the country as we are doing in Greece and Japan, or she could run an election *à la* Georgia and Mississippi. She chose the latter. Her methods may not be ideal, but the lot of the common man in Hungary today can scarcely be worse than under the previous régimes.

IRA D. CARDIFF

Yakima, Wash.

MR. GITLOW AND THE COMMUNISTS

SIR: Benjamin Gitlow's profile of William Z. Foster in the April MERCURY made fascinating reading. So far as I know, it is the only reliable portrait of Foster that is available, though I have come across a lot of good anecdotal material on him in various books. Most anti-Communists don't know much about the man, and the slavering eulogies of him that have appeared in the Communist press aren't worth much. (This includes Foster's recently-published autobiography.)

Incidentally, I wish that Mr. Gitlow's *I Confess* would be re-issued by some publisher. It's one of the basic books for anyone who's trying to understand what Communism is all about, but it's almost unobtainable.

FRANK FERRAR

Camden, N. J.

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OOH — THOSE WOMEN'S MAGAZINES!

SIR: Ann Griffith's article in the March MERCURY, "The Magazines Women Read," was a masterpiece. I had always wanted to see those damn magazines taken apart by a good writer, and now it's been done.

Personally, I have never been able to read women's magazines. The main difficulty, I think, is that I cannot tell the articles from the advertisements. But I am confident that I wouldn't like them if I *could* read them. An experience of mine illustrates the point. . . . Recently, I met a girl that I hadn't seen for some time. She was in a bar, sobbing drunk. It seems that she had been working on the editorial staff of one of the larger women's magazines here in town. That morning she had opened up a new copy of the magazine and come upon an article, which she hadn't previously seen, called, "Ooh — That Lemon Soufflé!" That started her drinking, and she is still, I've heard, in a very bad state.

HENRY MURRAY

New York City

THE ROAD TO DESTRUCTION

SIR: I want to say that Professor George W. Hartmann's article on "Pacifism and Democracy" in the February MERCURY is one that I can *heartily* endorse. One has only to read the *Congressional Record* to glimpse the road to destruction down which the United States is being led. The chicanery and lies— these make everyone who dares to *think* a *real* blessing. . . .

M. H. SAWYER

Berkeley, Cal.

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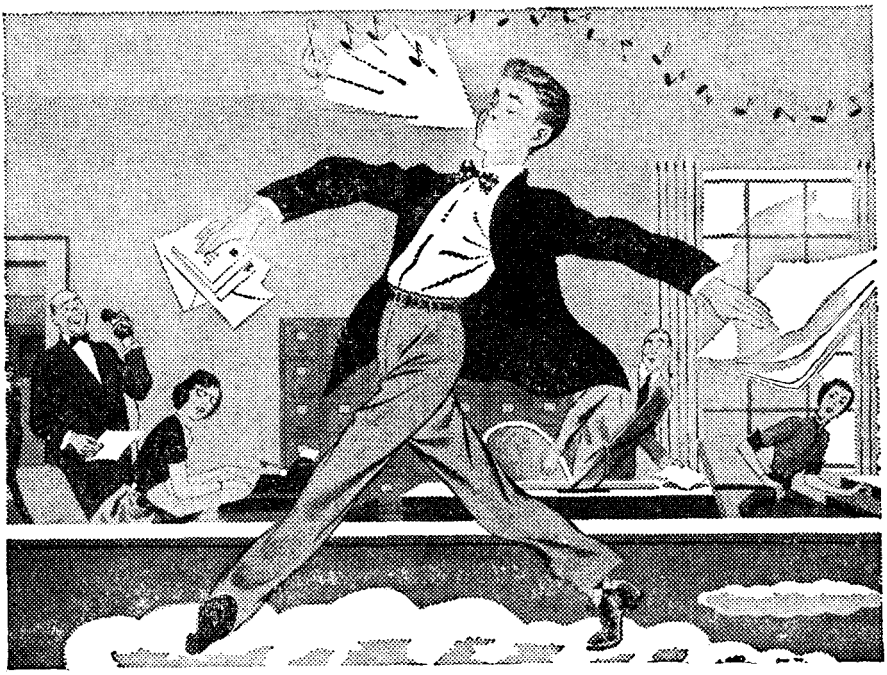

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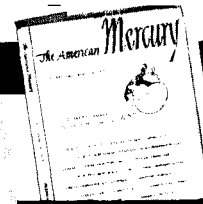

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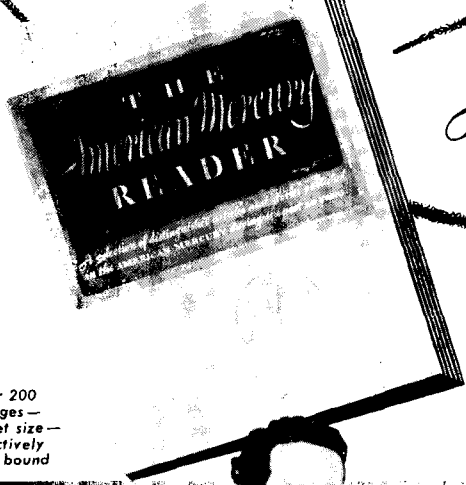

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